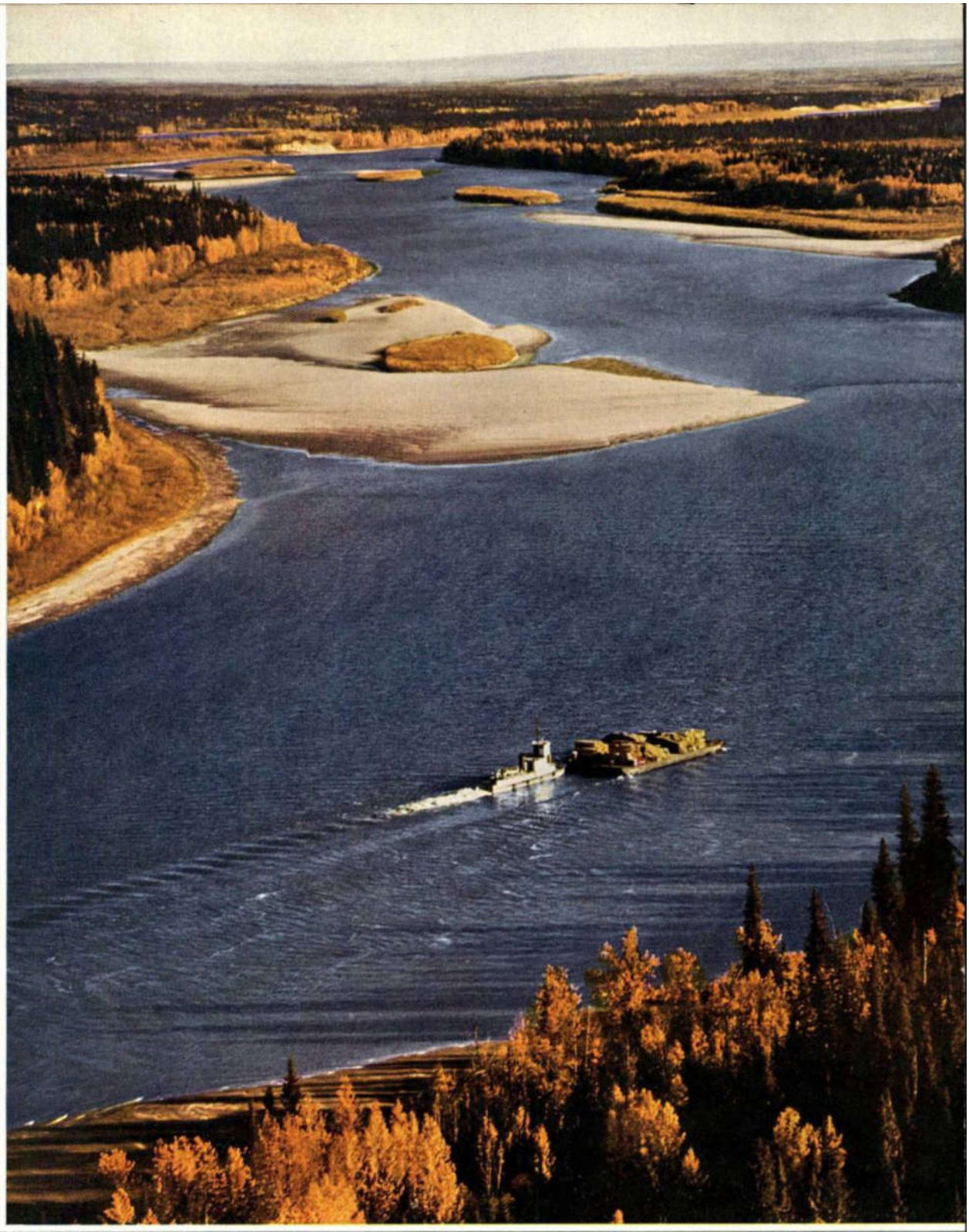


Along the Athabasca

George Hunter

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

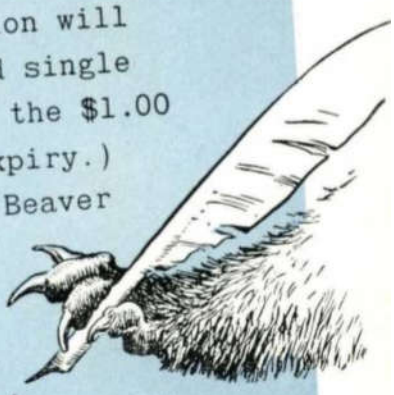
SEPTEMBER
1953

For Subscribers Only!

Dear Subscriber

We all know what has happened to prices! Deep down we have also known here that, sooner or later, we should have to raise the subscription price of our magazine, which has been kept down to $1.00 a year for 20 years.

It was bound to happen -- but that doesn't make it any more pleasant for us to join the parade and tell you that, as of September 1st, 1953 the subscription will be $2.00 A YEAR -- or $5.00 for three years -- and single copies 50c each. (All subscriptions taken out at the $1.00 level before September will of course run until expiry.) However, there's one consolation: from now on the Beaver will be bigger!



The Beaver

CONTENTS

OUTFIT 284 SEPTEMBER 1953

Enter the European—*Charles Wagley* 3
Flight Northwards—*George Hunter* 10
North Shore Naturalist—*W. E. Greening* 22
The Tsimshian—*Scott and Leechman* 26
The Radford and Street Murders 28
Little P. G. E.—*Florence Jaques* 30
Fur Trade Party—*G. F. G. Stanley* 35
Northern Wildflowers—*D. Woolgar* 40
Bells of the Turrets Twain—*H. Shave* 42
Calling the "Columbia"—*Gilean Douglas* 45
Fall Packet 48
Northern Books 50

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

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ENTER the EUROPEAN

II - Into Brazil - Half of South America

by Charles Wagley

Photos from the Brazilian Indian Service

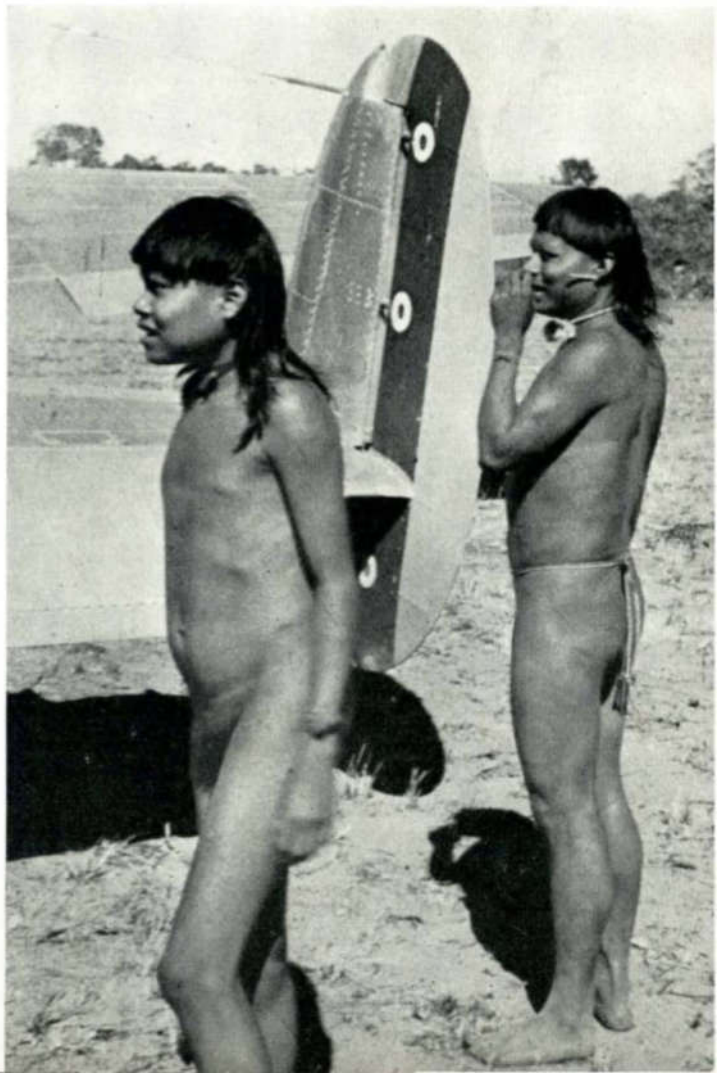
To throw light on the problems of white contact with primitive tribes, the Beaver is carrying a series of articles describing European penetration into various parts of the New World. In the last issue Dr. Margaret Mead dealt with the South Pacific. Here Dr. Charles Wagley discusses Brazil.

FROM time to time, a naked savage steps from an airplane in modern Rio de Janeiro. He is one of the numerous Indian tribesmen from Central Brazil who have entered into contact with western civilization within the last decade. He may have been invited to visit the wonders of civilization by an adventurous airmail pilot or by a publicity seeking journalist. In Brazil, as in other countries with expanding frontiers, there is a striking time lag between the modern metropolitan centres and the edges of the frontier. As a nation, Brazil is forging ahead rapidly in industry and in technological development. It is thus almost a contradiction in time perspective to report that in the first months of this year, two previously unknown primitive tribes have appeared out of the forest to trade bows and arrows and other native implements for steel tools. Throughout the interior of this vast country, there are Indian tribes in various stages of contact and assimilation with Brazilian nationals. There are tribes still at war with frontiersmen and there are Indian groups whose way of life is hardy distinguishable from that of the rural Brazilians of the same region. The relations of western man with the South American Indian, which began in 1500 along the Brazilian coast, continue today in the more isolated parts of the country.

The exact number of Indians which today remain in Brazilian territory is unknown. A careful census is only now being attempted by the Brazilian Indian Service. Estimates of experienced Indian officers and of ethnologists agree, however, that the number is probably between two and three hundred thousand—about one half of one percent of the total fifty million people of Brazil. In terms of numbers, then, the "Indian minority" cannot be said to be among the most pressing problems of modern Brazil. There are millions of poor rural peasants,

Charles Wagley, Ph.D. (Columbia), is professor of anthropology at Columbia University, and the author of three books and several articles on Brazilian Indians—one book, "Amazon Town," to be published this month.

Natives of the Brazilian jungle, who only recently were at war with the whites, meet the semi-monthly plane from Rio de Janeiro.

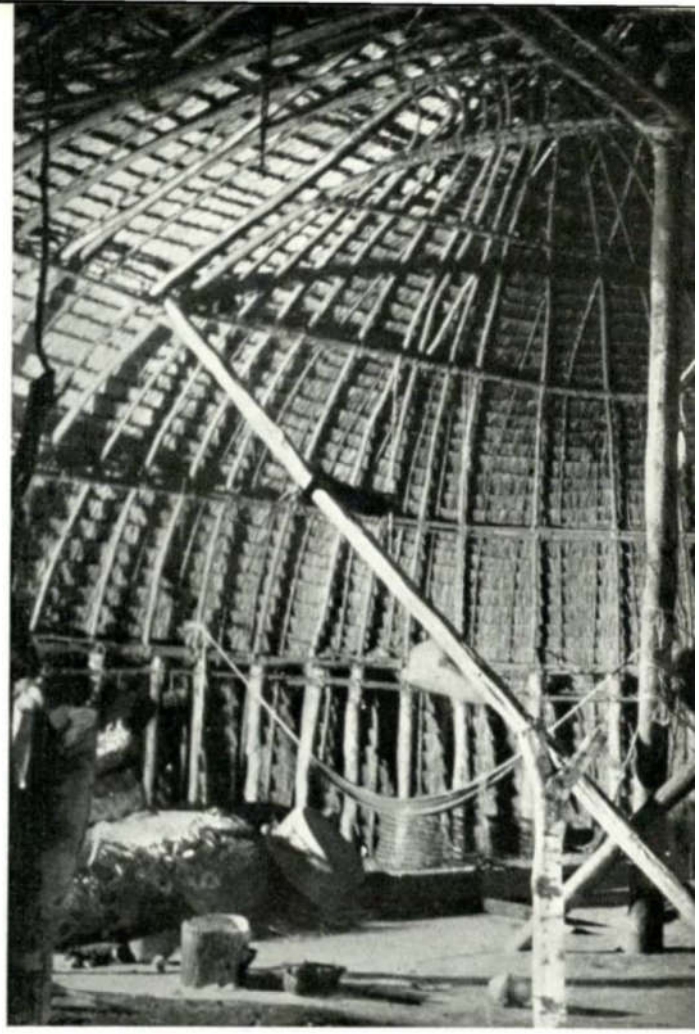


or *caboclos*, whose low standard of living is a more serious national problem. Nor was the aboriginal population of the South American lowlands ever very dense. The area which is now Brazil probably never held more than a million and a half Indians, or less than one person for two square miles. Yet, the contribution of the Indian to contemporary Brazilian culture has been greater than the aboriginal population, past or present, would indicate. Brazilian foods, agriculture, folklore and folkbelief, and even Brazilian vocabulary owe much to the Indian cultural heritage, and many Brazilians are physically, at least in part, of Indian descent. All interpreters of modern Brazil have stressed the role of the Indian, along with that of the Portuguese and the Negro, in the formation of the Brazilian way of life.

How this came about and the nature of the relations between Brazilians (this term is preferable to "European" since it includes Negroes, mulattoes, Indian-European *mestiços*, as well as Brazilians of European descent) must be understood against the background of the culture of the Indians who inhabit Brazil. First, they were divided into innumerable tribal groups and they spoke literally hundreds of different languages, although certain major language families, such as Tupí-Guaraní and Arawak-Carib, may be recognized. They did not, therefore, present a united front to the European newcomers. On a very general basis, however, these very diverse peoples have been classified in (1) Tropical forest peoples who were horticulturists inhabiting the rain forests of the Amazon Valley and the long Brazilian coast; and (2) the Marginal peoples who lived mainly in the open plains country and the arid plateaus, and whose livelihood depended entirely on hunting, fishing and gathering, or who supplemented these occupations with a weak and incipient horticulture. It was mainly Tropical forest peoples, especially the Tupinambá tribes whose language was Tupí, with whom the Portuguese (and later the French and then the Dutch) first came into contact along the Brazilian coast. These tribes played the most important role in the first century of the Indian-Brazilian relations.

Like other Tropical forest peoples, the Tupinamba (Tupinambá is a generic term used for a series of closely related coastal tribes) were horticulturists. Their gardens contained many products now widely used in modern Brazil and which are known throughout the world. Their staple crop was manioc, or cassava as it is sometimes called; from the poisonous variety of this root crop, they made a flour and a kind of cake called *beijú*. They also planted *cará* (a yam-like tuber), cotton, gourds, tobacco, beans (both lima and kidney), squash, peanuts, peppers, pineapples, and sweet potatoes. They made use of forest fruits, such as the cashew and the papaya: they hunted wild pigs, monkeys, agoutis, armadillos, tapirs, and other animals and fowls native to the tropical forest. Fish were trapped, shot with the bow and arrow, and poisoned with *timbó* which is now used as the base for insecticides.

The material life of these Tupinamba tribes was relatively simple. Like most Brazilian Indians, they wore no clothes, yet they decorated their bodies with red rucu and black genipa dyes and with white clay. They wore necklaces of shells, bone, and seeds. During ceremonials, they made magnificent headdresses of the tail feathers of the red macaw parrot and multicoloured capes of the feathers of a variety of tropical birds. Their dwellings were enormous longhouses in which as many as thirty families might live. The house had but one room but each family had its individual cooking fire; and the hammocks in which people slept were grouped about the family fireplace. Personal possessions such as baskets, simple clay pottery, bows and arrows, and gourds containing precious feathers to make decorations hung on the house walls. There were many pets around a Tupinambá house, as there are today in native villages in Brazil, such as dogs, monkeys, parrots and other animals.

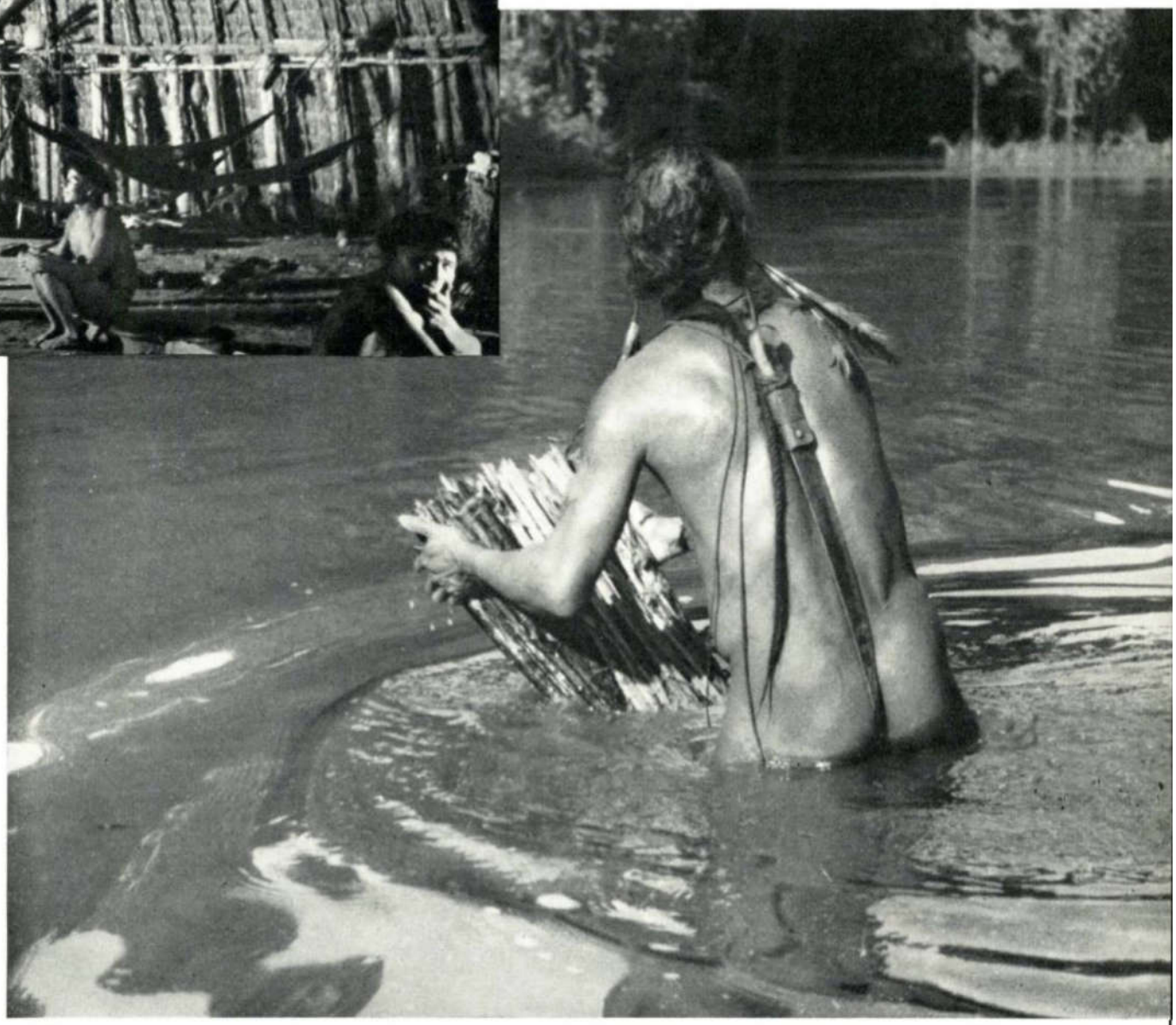


Inside an Indian house in the Upper Xingu River region of central Brazil. Note the hammocks.

Each Tupinambá tribe, sometimes each village, was an independent political unit. Each tribe or village was generally at war with all others. The end of this constant warfare was to secure captives for their gory cannibalistic feasts. Through taking prisoners and by the execution of a prisoner after months of captivity, men gained prestige and they also revenged their kinsmen who had been captured and eaten by their enemies. The details of warfare and of the rites and festivals connected with cannibalism

are well described by early writers, some of whom, such as Hans Staden, were near victims. Although many Brazilian tribes share this war complex, it must be said, however, that cannibalism in the extreme form reported for these coastal tribes has not been found elsewhere in Brazil. But, in Caiapo villages, for example, which Brazilians visited recently, for the first time, captives from other tribes (and even from Brazilian settlements) have been found.

Within about two hundred years after the discovery of Brazil, most of the coastal Tupinambá had either died off, had fled into the interior, had been settled in mission villages by padres, or had been assimilated by the European newcomers. During the first century of European contact,



A befeathered tribesman, carrying a long knife down his back, fishes with "timbo" poison as his ancestors did centuries ago, before the coming of the whites.

French and Portuguese invaders enlisted the aid of rival tribes, who fought each other with enthusiasm. Engraving from Jean de Lery, 16th century.

epidemics of smallpox and other newly acquired diseases wiped out a large number of Brazilian Indians just as they did throughout the Americas. Warfare added to Indian mortality during this early period of contact with Europeans. The French intruders who established settlements along the Brazilian coast competed with the Portuguese for Indian allies in their struggle against each other for control of the new land. The result was that warfare between tribes was stimulated to a higher pitch and Indian casualities were great. Finally, Indian slavery took its toll. At first, the Portuguese were content to trade with the Indians for Brazil wood; but soon, in order to provide labour for sugar plantations, they took to enslaving them. Slave raids were made on Indian villages. Men, women, and children were carried off as captives and others were massacred in the process. Whole tribes fled into the interior from Portuguese persecution and other groups disappeared, entirely wiped out by disease, warfare, and slavery.

In the late 16th century and again in the 17th century, religious missionaries, especially the Jesuits, succeeded in obtaining decrees from the Portuguese Crown prohibiting the enslavement of Indians. The Jesuits concentrated large numbers of Indians in *aldeiamentos* and attempted to form veritable independent native communities free of civil control. But despite the efforts of the missionaries, Indian slavery continued. Although numerous Negro slaves were being imported, especially for the prosperous sugar plantations along the northeastern coast, the colonists stilled hungered for workers. Manhunting expeditions penetrated deep into the heart of Brazil. During the first half of the 17th century, more than thirty expeditions, or *bandeiras* (flags) went out from Sao Vicente (now Sao Paulo); and Indian slavery seems to have been a major source of income for this relatively poor colony at the time. Even Jesuit missions in Brazil and in Paraguay were raided, and thousands of pacific and semi-Christianized Indians were carried off as slaves.

Finally, as the source of supply of Indian slaves dried up, and as the flow of African slaves in Brazil increased, the Indian was generally replaced by the Negro for slave labour on plantations. When the Jesuits were expelled from Brazil in 1759, their missions were disbanded and converted into civil settlements. Missionized Indians were declared "free" and an elaborate civil code was promulgated to

The once-hostile Kiangang tribesmen are now peaceful farmers.

govern relations between colonists and Indians. But, in out of the way areas, such as the Amazon Valley, indentured service and peonage in one form or another simply replaced slavery for large numbers of native people.

By the beginning of the 19th century, it might be said that the first phase of Indian and Brazilian relations had come to a close. Most tribal groups near the coast and along the principal routes of travel had disappeared, but others continued to live, sometimes reduced in population, in the headwaters of the main waterways, along the smaller tributaries, and on the edges of the frontier in the Brazilian *sertao* (backlands). But, by this time, the Indians had left their mark, both culturally and physically, on the nation. The Portuguese are known for their readiness to mix with native peoples. Almost at once, miscegenation began in Brazil. In fact, as early as 1533, when the first Portuguese officials arrived at the site of the present city of Salvador in Bahia, they found a Portuguese sailor, called Caramurú by the Indians, living there with his numerous *mestiço* offspring whom he had had by various native women.

Most of the early Portuguese colonists were men, and they found the dark Indian women very attractive. They took Indian women as concubines, sometimes as their legal wives. Far from frowning upon such unions, the Portuguese Crown actually encouraged them. Portugal was a small nation of about a million and a half inhabitants in the 16th century and it had a world-encompassing empire. The mixed offspring of their soldiers and colonists increased the number of loyal subjects. By the end of the 18th century, Indian-European *mestiços* formed a significant portion of the Brazilian population, and in some areas, such as the Amazon Valley where plantation agriculture was not developed, these *mamelucos*, as they were called, outnumbered both Europeans and Negroes.

The origin of the culture of this *mestiço* population were as mixed as their racial background. They were Catholics like their fathers and they lived by formal laws and institutions derived from Portugal. But they were educated by their Indian mothers. They spoke a native American language—the *lingua geral*, a modified form of Tupi which the missionaries had adopted as a lingua franca. Until the middle of the 19th century, this language was spoken more widely throughout the interior of north Brazil than Portuguese. Furthermore, the Indian-European *mestiços* learned from their mother's people how to live in the new world; they learned the names and the uses of Brazilian plants and animals, how to make gardens, how to hunt and fish, and all the other subsistence activities which made it possible for both the European and his mixed offspring to survive in the strange enviroment. Despite the relatively sparse aboriginal population and the early disintegration of the coastal tribes, a large body of aboriginal custom and knowledge entered into the Brazilian way of life during the formative centuries of the colony.

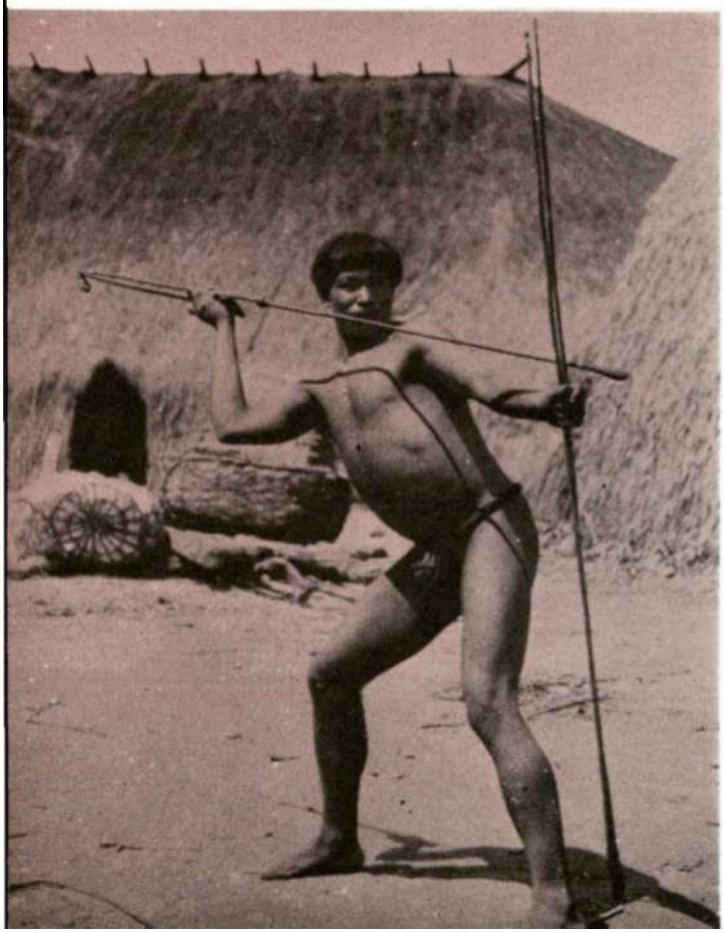
The story of Indian-Brazilian relations does not, of course, end with the beginning of the 19th century. During the past century and during our own, the same processes, which were at work earlier, have continued to affect the Indian tribes which persist on the Brazilian frontier. Although outright slavery of Indians ended long ago, in

the frontier regions Brazilians are still eager to have Indians as peons or as collectors of rubber and other forest products. Tribes which came in contact with Brazilians only a generation or more ago are now dying off from newly acquired diseases. This is the case of the Tapirapé tribe of central Brazil which I studied more than ten years ago. They have been reduced from about one thousand people in 1900 to a mere fifty in 1953, mainly by smallpox, measles, respiratory infections (especially colds) and other diseases of Old World origin.

Indian wars have also continued. As late as 1910 a series of hostile tribes prevented the march of the Brazilian frontier in areas which are today within easy reach of Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo. The Coroados attacked the Nordeste do Brasil Railroad which penetrated into the rich coffee lands of Sao Paulo. The Botocudos terrorized the lands of Parana and Santa Catarina which were destined for German and Italian immigrants. The Aimores carried out attacks in the Rio Doce Valley of Espirito Santo which is today the gateway for the exploitation of the rich iron deposits at Itabira. Nowadays, these tribes are no longer at war with Brazilians and they have been practically exterminated as a result of their contact with civilization.

Today the frontier has been extended farther west, and trucks and airplanes have speeded up the tempo of its expansion. Until two or three years ago, the Chavantes living west of the Araguaya River along the Rio das Mortes attacked all Brazilians entering their territory.

Indians at the headwaters of the Xingu River still use the ancient spearthrower. Other primitive peoples, including the Eskimo, used similar throwing sticks.

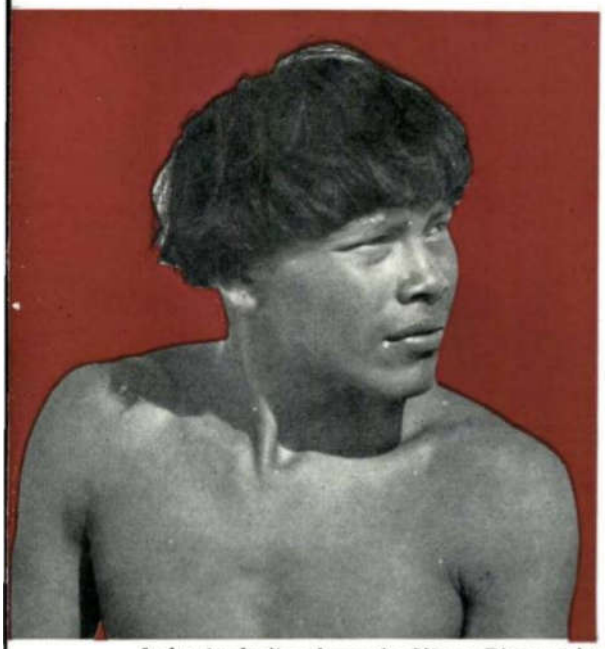


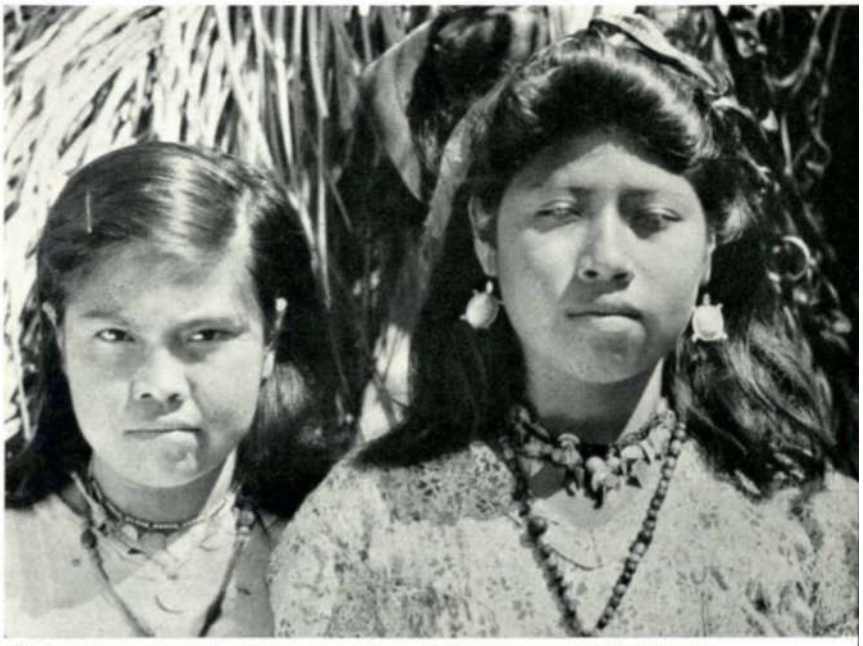
During the last two years, several hostile tribes of central Brazil such as the Xikrin and Kubekraken groups of the Caiapo tribe and the Parakanã tribe have entered into peaceful relations with Brazilians. Still hostile are such tribes as the Gavioes (Hawks) and the Assurini on the lower Tocantins River, to mention but two examples. In this region, Indians are reported to have attacked Brazilians on several occasions during recent months, and one attack of "reprisal" by Brazilian frontiersmen is said to have resulted in twenty Indian casualties.

As in the past, hostile relations between Brazilians and Indians has its basis in expanding frontier conditions. In the 16th and 17th century, the colonist hunted the Indian as a slave; during the last century and a half the frontiersmen have driven the Indian from his lands and, in many cases, reduced him to semi-slavery through debt and addiction to alcohol. And just as, in colonial times, the Jesuit missionaries offered some measure of protection against the ravages of the expanding colonists, today that function is provided by a government bureau, the Brazilian Indian Service (*Serviço de Proteçao aos Indios*). The SPI, as the service is known, was created in 1910 when the attacks of hostile tribes within the economic orbit of Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro and the brutal steps then taken to exterminate these savages were attracting considerable public attention.

From the first the SPI has represented a humanitarian, an enlightened, and a rational approach to Indian-Brazilian relations. The man who was called to head up the SPI, Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon, is of partial Indian descent. Now a Brazilian national hero, he was then a young army officer who had been in charge of stringing the first telegraph lines across the heart of Brazil. During these expeditions, he and his men had penetrated into the territory of hostile tribes without resorting to arms. He had already shown that it was possible to pacify such tribesmen by persuasion and to maintain peaceful relations with them. He carried this policy to the SPI and he adopted as the motto for the service "Die if necessary but never kill !". He called to his side a group of officers who had served with him in his various telegraphic expeditions and numerous frontiersmen who had come to admire him and his ideals.

For forty-three years, the SPI has functioned with Rondon's ideals, but often without sufficient financial, juridical, and administrative support from the Federal government. As the Jesuits did earlier in Brazilian history, the SPI has sometimes attracted the antagonism of commercial and landed interests whose aims in dealing with Indians has been in opposition to those of the Service. Operating in isolated areas with poor communications, the SPI has never been an efficient bureau. It has suffered from poorly paid personnel who themselves have been tempted to increase their income from exploitation of Indian lands. But in this last forty-three years, numerous acts of great courage and heroism have been performed by SPI personnel. Examples are the recent pacification of the Chavante tribe, which cost the lives of several men, and the current





Left: An Indian from the Xingu River region. Right: In dress and appearance these Indian women of the Brazil-Paraguay border now differ little from rural Brazilians of the same region.

SPI expedition to central Brazil which now maintains but tenuous armistice with a semi-hostile group of the Caiapo tribe.

Within the last few years, a young group of administrators have brought a new orientation to SPI activities, although they have continued in the same humanitarian spirit of Rondon and his followers. The SPI has increasingly made use of anthropology and of anthropologists in its program. Several well trained ethnologists have joined the SPI staff. Ethnographic studies of several tribal groups are being carried out, and the co-operation of other Brazilian and foreign specialists has been sought in order to increase their knowledge of Brazilian Indian cultures. With scientific and more objective knowledge of the diverse Indian cultures with which it deals, the SPI hopes to be able to ease the impact of modern western culture upon the remaining tribal groups.

Furthermore, the SPI is nowadays making use of modern technology in its work with far flung Indian tribes. Radio stations have been set up in many of their most distant posts to provide communication with regional offices in Manaus and Belém as well as with headquarters in Rio de Janeiro. In co-operation with the Brazilian Air Force, eleven airstrips have already been opened far in the interior. Three more airstrips are now in progress and twenty-three others are planned. Brazilian Air Force planes make frequent trips to Indian posts on the Xingu River and there is now a regular bi-monthly mail service to the posts on the Araguaya River. It is now but a question of a one day flight to reach Indian country from Rio de Janeiro or Sao Paulo. Just a few years ago, the same trip meant literally weeks of overland travel by truck, by mules or horses, and by canoe. Nowadays naked Indians, some of whom have only recently made peace with Brazilians, wander casually to the airstrip to watch the semi-monthly plane come in. Brazil Air Force pilots have caught the spirit of patriotic idealism of Rondon and of frontier adventure; many of them are enthusiastic and voluntary collaborators of the Indian service.

In addition, the SPI is making an effort to increase the economic productivity of tribal groups without subjecting them to commercial exploitation as was true in the past. The remnants of the once hostile Kiangang tribe, who were a hunting and gathering people, are now producers of wheat. The Caraja Indians of the Araguaya River, who are famous river people, now kill the giant pirarucu fish for sale through the Service on the commercial market. The SPI is attempting to stimulate tribal groups in the Amazon Valley to collect rubber, Brazil nuts, and other forest products to be sold for their own benefit.

For the first time, Brazil seems to be approaching the problem of Indian-Brazilian relations with idealism, with the help of a modern science of human relations, and with modern technology. But, during the last four hundred years Brazil has not been gentle with its Indian population. Indian-Brazilian relations have included antagonisms, exploitation, wastefulness of human life and even brutality. The relations between Brazilians and Indians have been in general those one comes to expect between primitives and western man in frontier and colonial regions. Yet, Brazil differs from most frontier or colonial regions in one important respect. Exploitation, antagonism, and brutality have not been justified by a supposed "racial inferiority" of the primitive, although Brazilian frontiersmen sometimes claim that the Indian is not capable of acquiring civilization. From the beginning inter-marriage between Indians and Brazilians has been looked upon favorably by this nation of people who are proud of being descendants of Europeans, Negroes, and Indians. The clash between Indians and Brazilians has been based upon cultural differences and different economic interests. Thus, in the end, the essential democratic approach to race relations in Brazil should provide the answer to the problem of the Indian enclaves within the Brazilian nation. ◆

A Lockheed survey aircraft refuels at the Fort McMurray airport.

FLIGHT NORTHWARDS

Scenes from an air journey

between Fort McMurray and Fort Good Hope

photographed by George Hunter

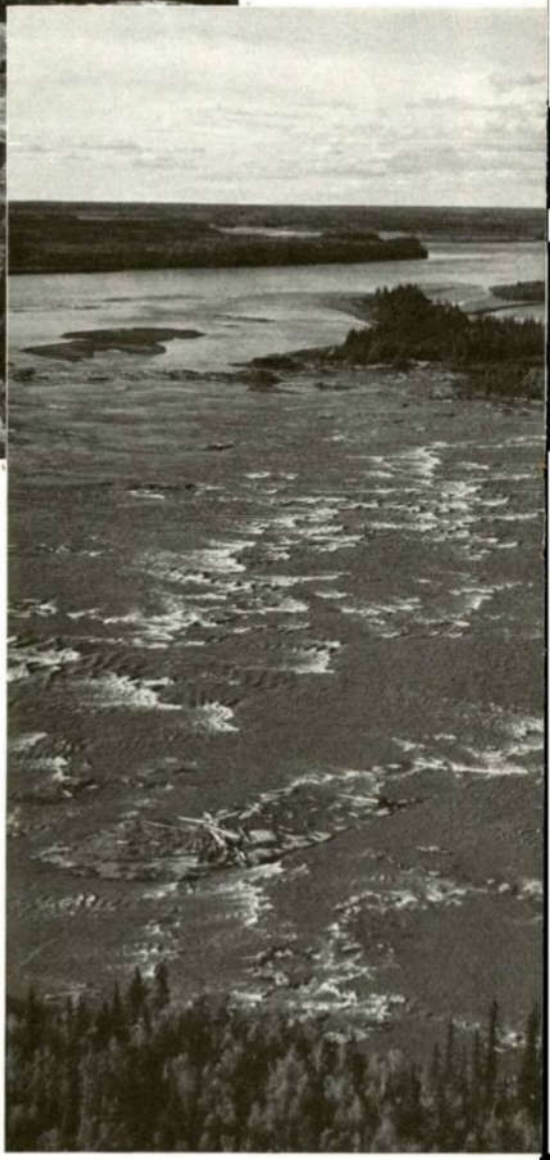
To travel from the upper Athabasca River on the lower reaches of the Mackenzie is generally described as going "down north." That is because the mode of travel until comparatively recently was by way of the great waterway that flows down north into the Arctic Ocean. But today more and more people are going north along the Athabasca and Slave and Mackenzie Rivers by air rather than by water, and so the old term is beginning to lose its significance.

These pictures were made in the course of a flight up north by George Hunter of Ottawa, who travels all over the map in his own four-seater (not two-seater as stated in the June *Beaver*) Piper Clipper photographing the Canadian scene. The uranium pictures of the June issue were taken on the same trip.

The photographer (right) with his pilot, Harry Dale and his four-place Piper Clipper, from which the aerial shots in this series were made.

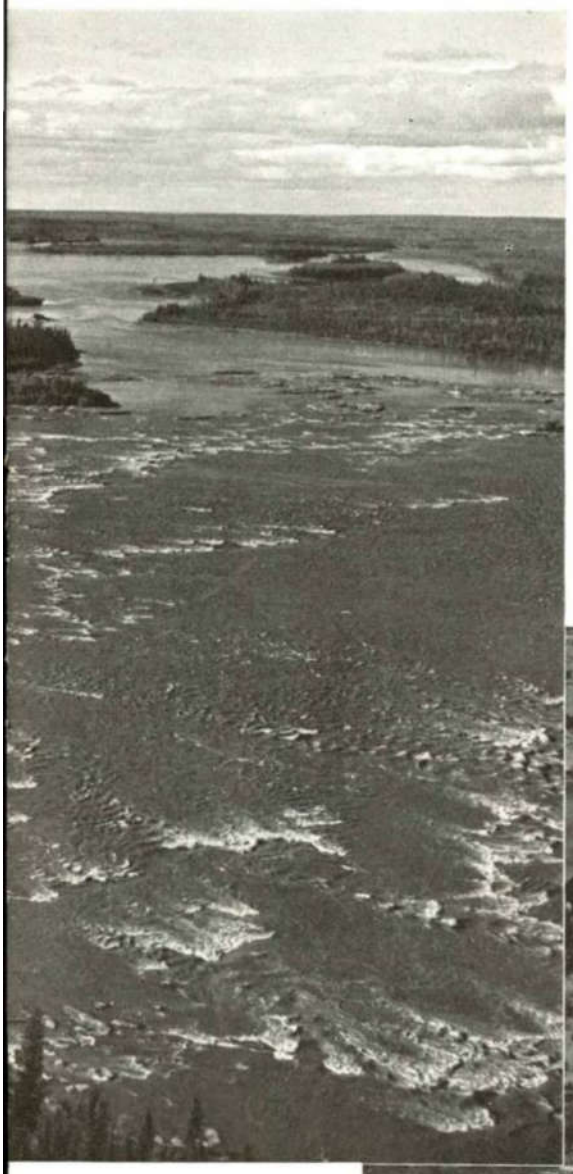
Looking northwards over Fort McMurray, where the Clearwater River (centre) runs into the Athabasca. By this route from the famous Portage la Loche the old fur traders reached the Mackenzie River. In the centre foreground is the Hudson's Bay post, founded in 1869 on the site of a much earlier fort, and named after Inspecting Chief Factor William McMurray.

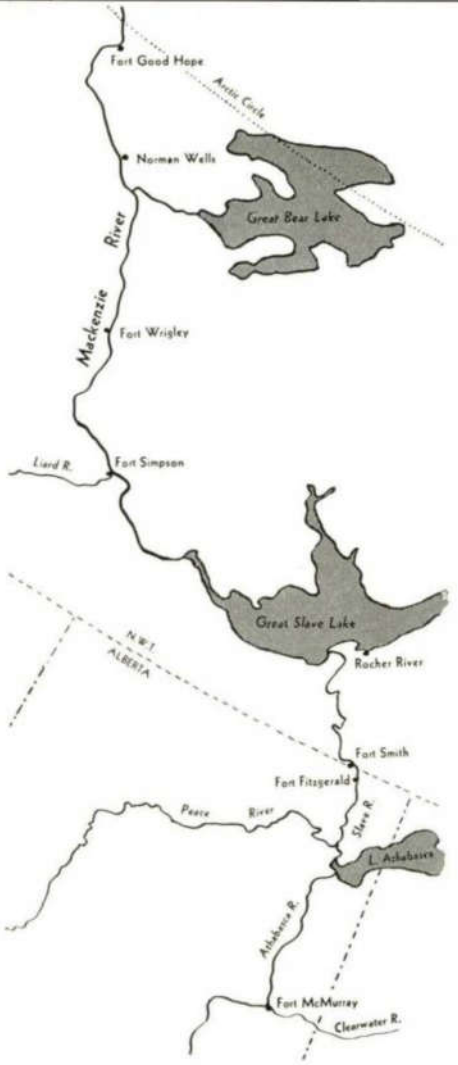
The Slave River, swollen by the waters of the Peace, rolls past Fort Fitzgerald, Alberta, at the head of the 16-mile portage around the rapids. Originally called Smith's Landing, this post was renamed after Insp. F. J. Fitzgerald, R.N.W.M.P., who died on the Dawson Patrol in 1911.



Right: Pelican Rapids, one of four great stretches of white water that prevent navigation of the Slave between Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Smith, N.W.T.

Far right: The H B C post and docks at Fort Smith. From left to right, the three buildings in front are the staff house, the Hotel Mackenzie, and the store. Fort Smith, "capital" of the Northwest Territories, is just north of the Alberta boundary. It has a population of about 600 and contains a general hospital, a radio station, an airfield, and a golf course.




Fort Good Hope
Arctic Circle
Norman Wells
Great Bear Lake
Mackenzie River
Fort Wrigley
Liard R.
Fort Simpson
Great Slave Lake
N.W.T.
ALBERTA
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Fort Smith
Fort Fitzgerald
Peace River
Slave R.
L. Athabasca
Athabasca R.
Fort McMurray
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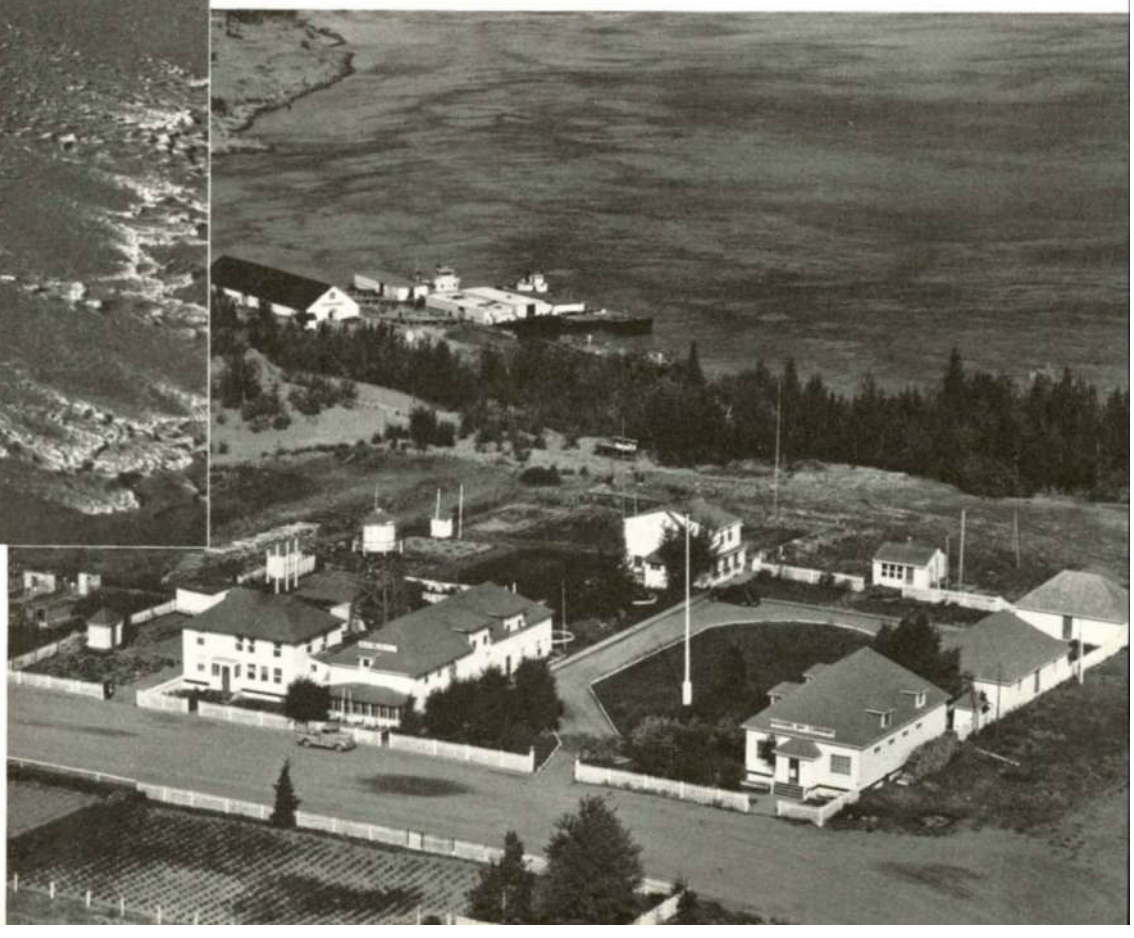
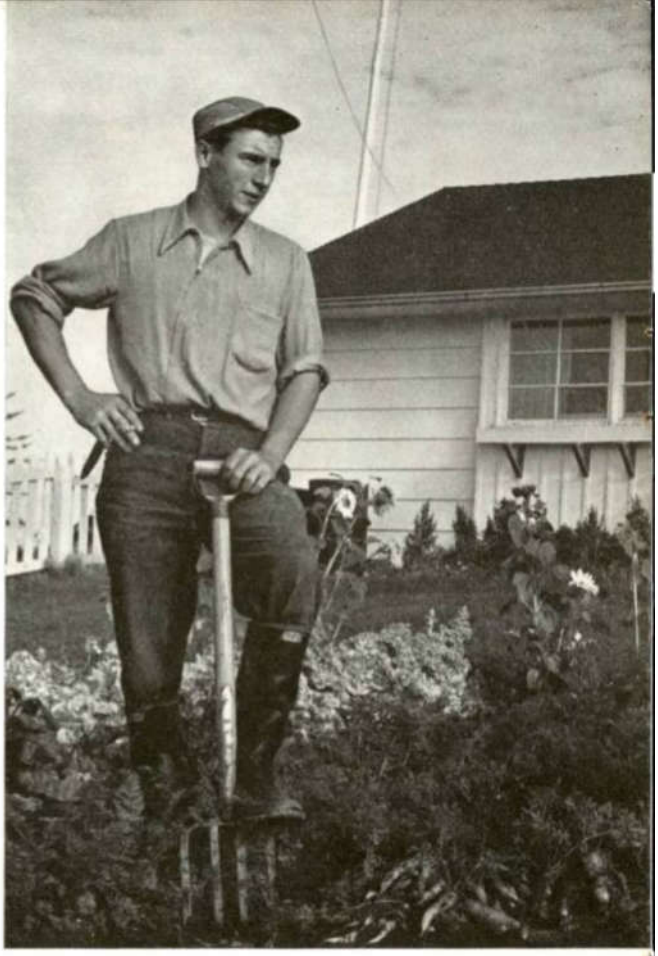




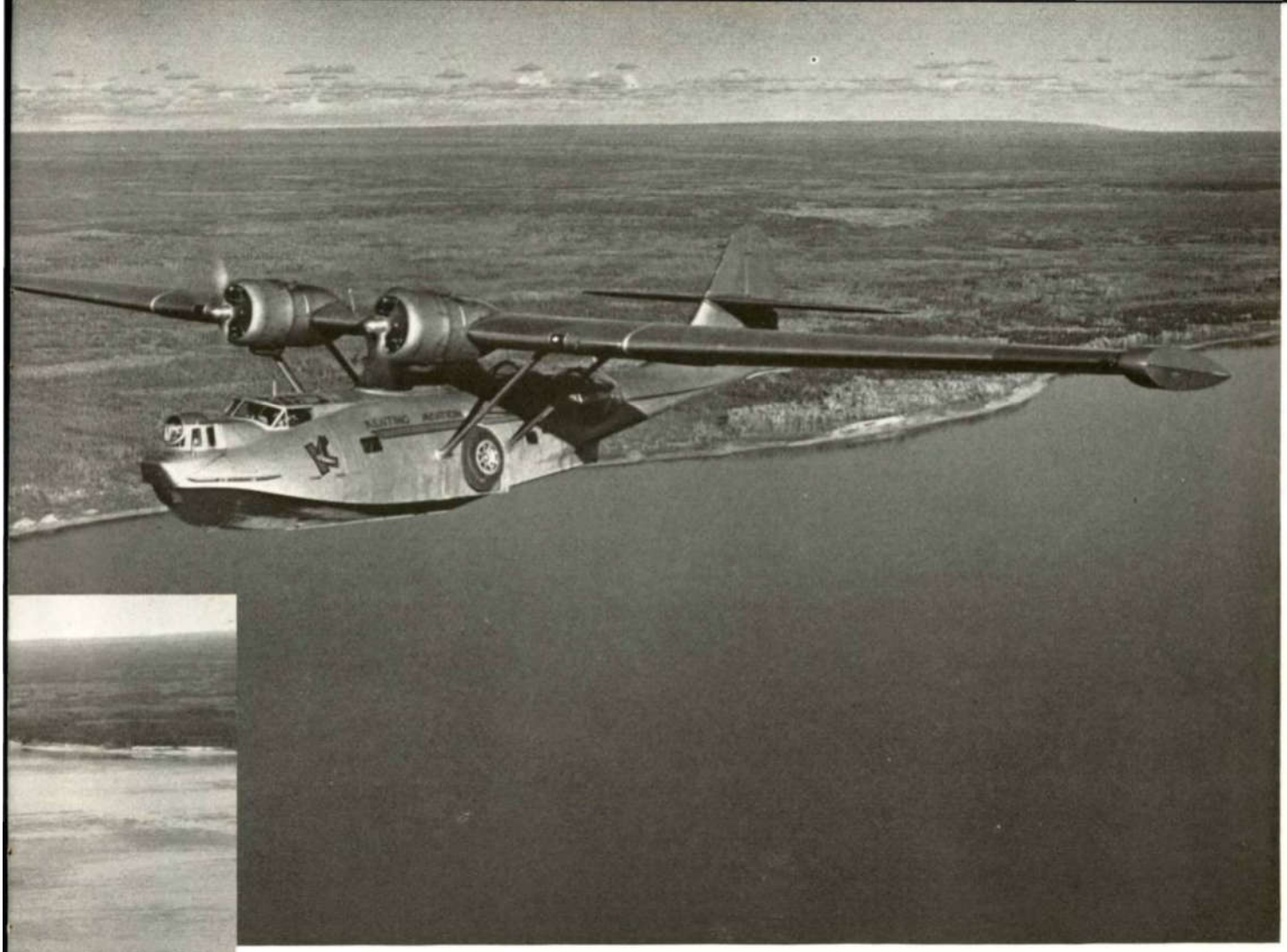
At the headquarters of the Fort Smith sub-division, R.C.M.P., Staff Sgt. A. Abraham (right) discusses a case with Cst. H. K. Hodgson.

At Rocher River on the south shore of Great Slave Lake, the Hudson's Bay post manager, Ray Miller, digs up some carrots from his garden.

Life in their little log cabin seems a pretty satisfactory affair to this old Indian couple at Rocher River.

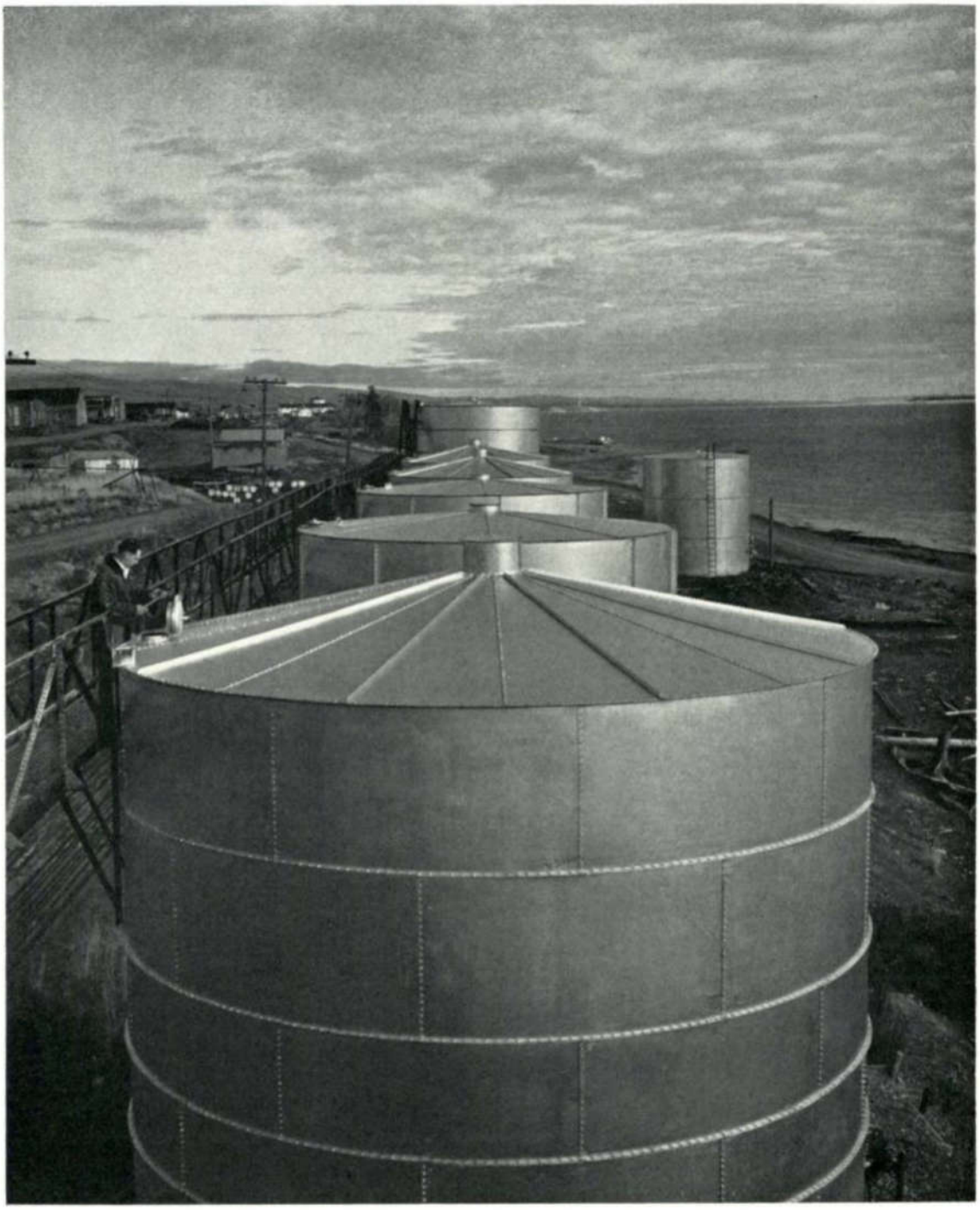
Near Fort Simpson, a Canso amphibian on a magnetic survey flies south above the wide Mackenzie.

Fort Simpson, founded in 1822 near the ruins of a North West Company post of 1803, was named after the celebrated governor of Rupert's Land, and became the headquarters of the Mackenzie River district. It is situated on an island in the Mackenzie, just below the mouth of the Liard, and contains detachments of the R.C.M.P., the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, Anglican and Roman Catholic Missions, a Canadian Government experimental farm, and a Hudson's Bay post (centre foreground). On the horizon are seen the Mackenzie Mountains.



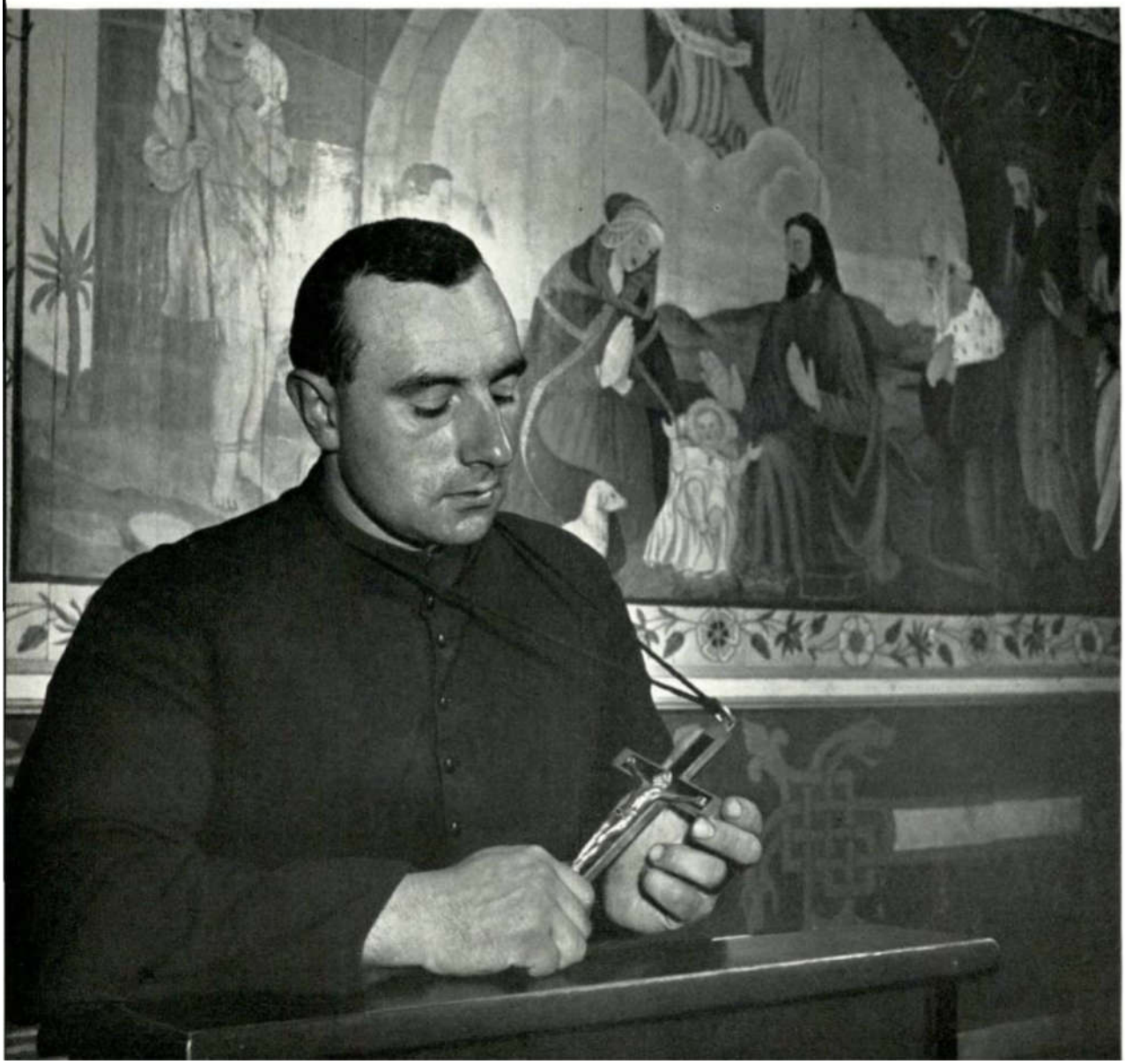
At Fort Wrigley airport the N.W.T. and Yukon Radio System station is manned by Sgt. J. Murree (at typewriter) and Cpl. H. Holland.

On the sunlit expanse of the lower Mackenzie, here looking like a vast sheet of hammered silver, a lone diesel tug pushes two barges towards Great Slave Lake.

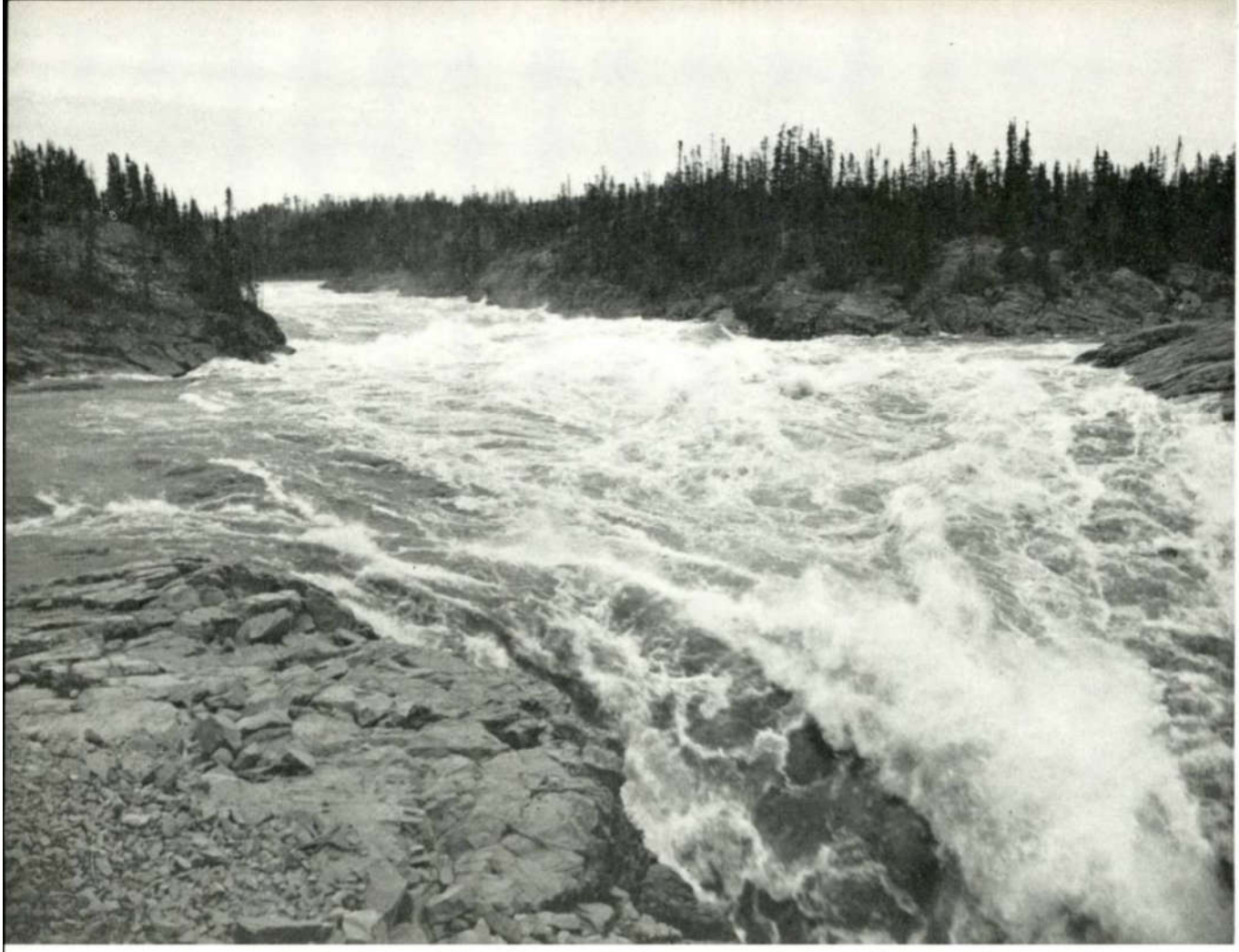


Oil from Norman Wells, former supply point for the Canol Pipe Line, is stored at this "tank farm." An engineer beside the nearest tank takes its temperature.

At Fort Good Hope, founded by the North West Company in 1804 near the Arctic Circle, stands the highly decorated Church of Our Lady of Good Hope. Here Father A. Rolin, O.M.I., kneels in front of a fresco of the Nativity.



Under a lowering sky, the mighty river rolls along between shores where signs of human habitation are almost lost in the huge, brooding landscape.



Rapids north of Baie Comeau, on the Manicouagan River, which De Puyjalon explored.

NORTH SHORE NATURALIST

Comte Henri de Puyjalon was one of the first to study the wildlife and natural resources along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf.

by W. E. Greening

A CENTURY ago, the whole vast region of north-eastern Canada extending from the mouth of the Saguenay River along the north coast of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence to the Straits of Belle Isle and Labrador, was still an almost unknown and undeveloped wilderness. Its only inhabitants were wandering Indian tribes, missionaries and traders. Most Canadians, at that time and for many years later, were inclined to write off this huge domain—the size of several European nations combined—as a total national economic liability, because of its very harsh climate and the seemingly barren and forbidding nature of its terrain.

One of the first individuals, during the course of the nineteenth century, to try to dispel some of these popular misconceptions concerning the North Shore, and to gain a true picture of its economic potentialities was a forgotten but romantic figure in Canada's story—Count Henri de Puyjalon. This attractive and winning personality represents both in his career and in his exploits—a throw-back to an earlier period in Canada's development—the heroic era of such great pathfinders and explorers as La Salle and La Vérendrye.

De Puyjalon was the son of an ancient and noble but somewhat impoverished French family dwelling in the south of France near Bordeaux. Born in 1840, in the reign of Louis Philippe, he was educated at the French Military Academy of Saint Cyr. A man of very broad culture and

W. E. Greening is a free-lance writer of Montreal.

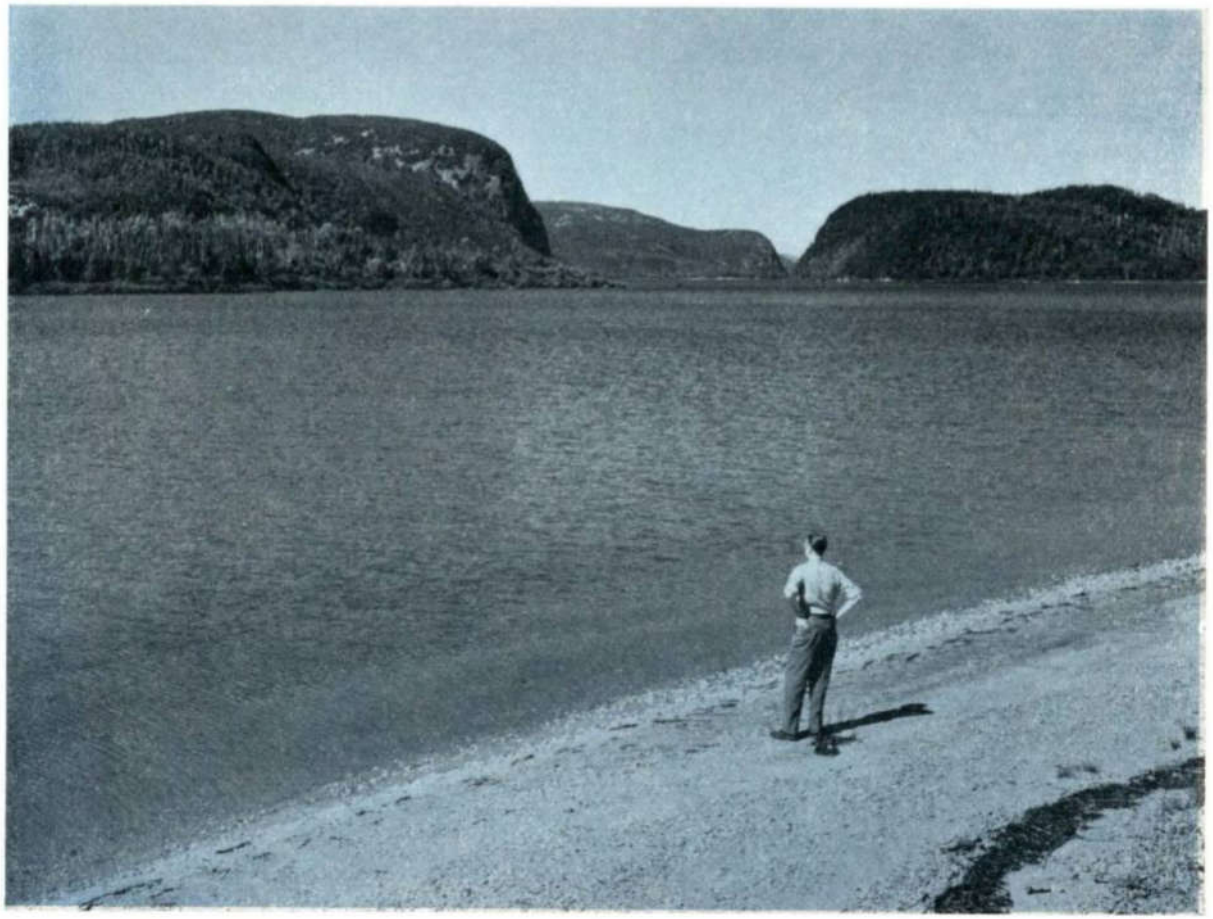
interests, in his youth, he spent much time in the colourful literary and artistic circles of Paris and Montmartre. With his striking and handsome appearance and with his brilliant conversation and his great personal charm he made many friends wherever he went. And among his close associates in Paris at that time were such outstanding men of the period as Leon Bloy, the author and philosopher and Charles Gounod, the celebrated composer. In addition to his other assets, De Puyjalon possessed a fine tenor voice, and Gounod is reported to have seriously urged him to take up a career on the operatic stage.

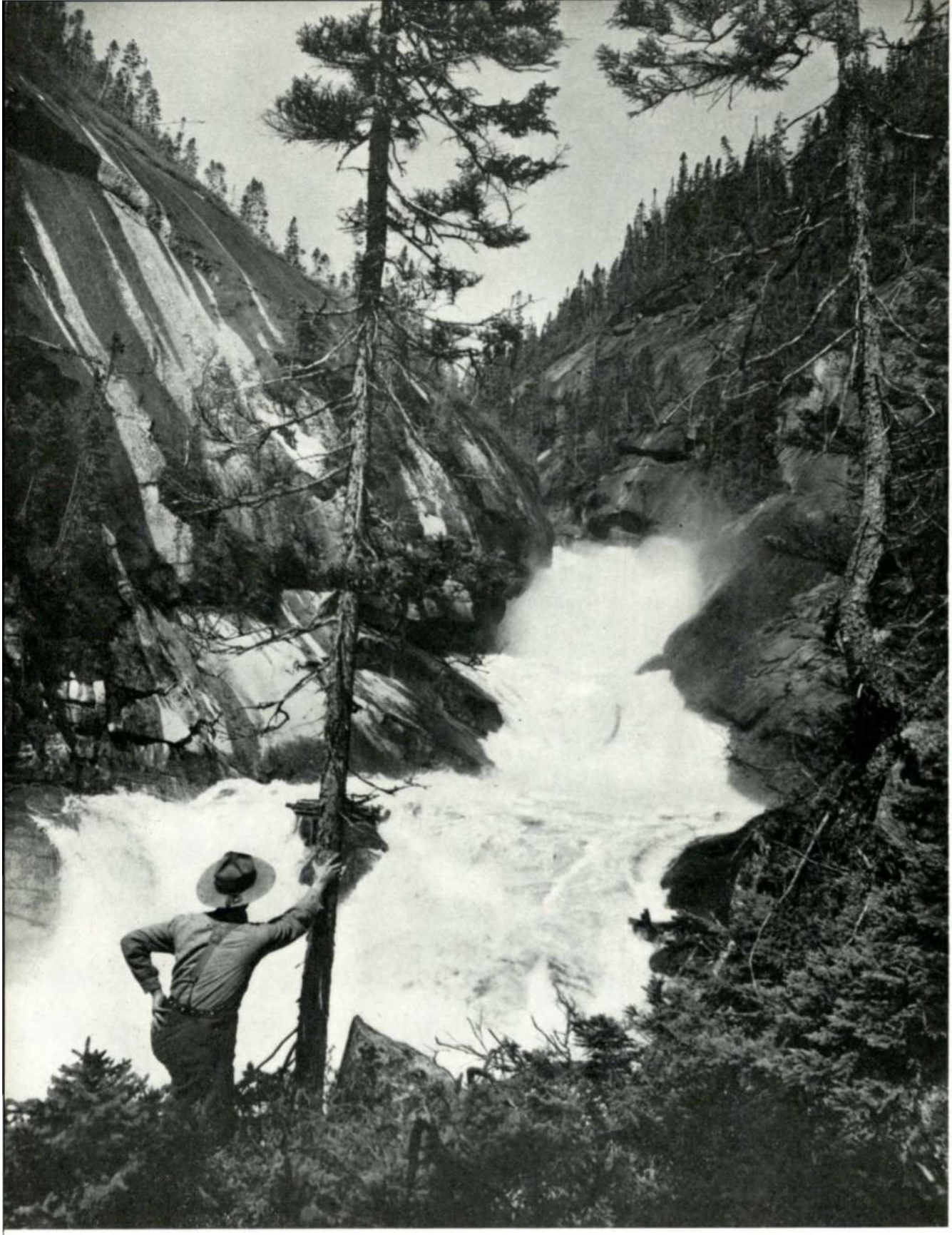
From his early youth, De Puyjalon also displayed a keen interest in the outdoors and in the ways of the wild and he was an indefatigable and enthusiastic hunter and fisherman. With his restless and adventure-loving temperament and his love of the open spaces, nineteenth century France eventually became too cramped and confined for him, and he sought a wider theatre for his activities beyond the seas. In 1875, he made his first trip to Canada and was very well received in local social circles in Quebec City and Montreal, eventually marrying the daughter of a former premier of the province of Quebec.

Soon after his arrival in Canada, he began to travel extensively in northern Quebec and became fascinated by the rugged and unspoilt wilderness on the Gulf of the Saint Lawrence, beyond Tadoussac, which was at that time, only a small and remote trading post. He fell so completely under the spell of the North that early in the eighteen eighties, he decided to make Canada his permanent home, and within a few years, he came to know some parts of Quebec more thoroughly and intimately than did many native born Canadians. Every summer he made long trips by canoe and by small sailing vessel along the shores of the Gulf during the course of which he covered much territory in the neighbourhood of such present day communities as Clarke City, Baie Comeau and Seven Islands. On at least one occasion when engaged in geological work, he ventured as far east as Blanc Sablon near the Straits of Belle Isle. In 1888, he obtained from the Federal Government the humble post of lighthouse keeper on the Ile Aux Perroquets near Havre Saint Pierre and the Seigneurie of Mingan. On an adjacent island—L'Ile à la Chasse, he built himself a small log cabin which became the headquarters of his travels and investigations.

In the course of these journeys during which he covered thousands of miles in the next few years, he gathered much new and valuable information concerning the whole mammal, fish, plant, bird and mineral life of the North Shore—much of which was afterwards written up in his

Walker Lake, some twenty miles inland from the north shore opposite Anticosti.





Falls on the Macdonald River where De Puyjalon travelled.

All photographs courtesy of Ontario Paper Company.

official reports to the Quebec Government. He also published several books in French such as a "Guide to Wild Life on the North Shore" and a "Guide for Hunters and Prospectors" which display much charm and grace of style as well as keenness and accuracy of observation. His findings were of particular value because, at that time, many forms of bird and fish life flourished along the coast of the Gulf which since then have become very rare there. The swift and torrential rivers which swept down from the Laurentian Plateau contained some of the finest species of salmon in the world. The cliffs along the coast and on the rocky islands offshore were the summer homes and the nesting places of vast numbers of sea birds of different species such as the gannet and the tern, and the coastal waters abounded in such shell fish as lobsters and scallops.

After long continued and first hand observation of wild life in this region, De Puyjalon became one of the pioneer advocates of conservation in Canada. He noted the devastating effect which the depredations of the professional hunters and the fleets of the commercial fishermen from the Maritime Provinces were already having upon the supplies of the sea birds, the salmon and lobsters there, and he was particularly disturbed by the practice of many of these people in robbing the nests of great quantities of eggs during the nesting season in early summer. He saw quite clearly that, unless the Federal and the Provincial Governments took speedy and drastic action to curb and ban these practices some of these types of birds would completely disappear from that part of Canada during the next thirty or forty years.

He was one of the first Canadians to make positive and concrete suggestions for governmental action in the preservation and conservation of wild life. In his reports for the Quebec Government he advocated the establishment of definite areas along the North Shore where the hunting of birds and the robbing of their nests would be outlawed, and where commercial fishing would only by allowed by special governmental licences. Since his death, this idea has been put into effect by the Canadian Government through the setting up of bird sanctuaries along the Atlantic coast at such points as Bonaventure Island at the eastern end of the Gaspé Peninsula where thousands of visitors come every year to observe at close hand the fascinating spectacle of the nesting gannets.

De Puyjalon was particularly interested in the life and the habits of one of his winged dwellers in the waters along the North Shore—the eider duck. As most people are aware, the soft down with which these birds line their nests is of great commercial value. He was well aware of the long established practice in Iceland, Norway and some of the other North Atlantic nations, of the protection of these birds by law, and the collection of the down for sale by the local population. The idea struck him that this might be a possible source of income for the poverty-stricken inhabitants along the Gulf, if proper measures were taken for the protection of the nests from the ravages of non-local egg hunters. It is interesting to note that during the past twenty years, governmental action along these lines has been taken in Quebec and that to-day the gathering of the eider down from the islands in the Gulf brings a considerable revenue to the local fisher folk.

The list of De Puyjalon's ideas which have borne fruit, and which show the originality of his mind and outlook, could be added to almost indefinitely. Among other things, he was ahead of his time in seeing the commercial possibilities of the raising, in captivity, of some of the types of fur bearing animals which make their homes in large numbers along the North Shore. In another of his reports to the government, he sketched out the setting up of regular fox farms for the breeding of such species as the black and silver fox for the commercial sale of their fur. Certainly this gives him the right to be considered one of the progenitors of the fox farming industry in Canada. A close friend of his, a Belgian by the name of Johan De Beetz, who came to this country in 1890, set up the first commercially successful fox farm in Canada at his estate near Havre Saint Pierre, at which De Puyjalon was a frequent visitor. Here again were the first beginnings of something which was later to develop into a million dollar industry.

After the death of his wife which occurred in 1900, De Puyjalon became more and more of a recluse, spending almost all of his time close to his birds and animals in his cabin on the Ile à la Chasse. Prematurely aged by years of exposure to the bitter storms and the freezing gales of the Gulf, he died peacefully one night in August 1905, when the North Country was at the very height of its summer beauty—thousands of miles away from Paris, of whose society he had been such an ornament in the earlier period of his life.

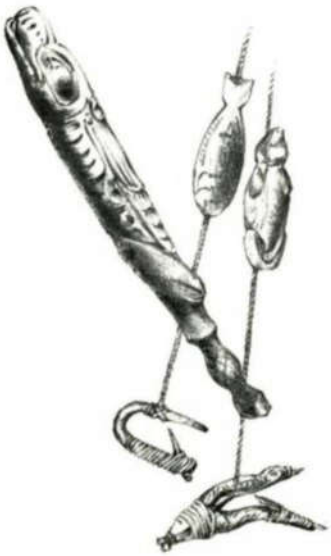
During the course of his two decades in the North, De Puyjalon had made many observations for the Quebec Government on the rock formations and the mineral deposits all the way along the North Shore, and he had remarked the presence there of a great variety of valuable minerals including mica, quartz and iron ore. On the basis of this potential mineral wealth he foresaw a very bright economic future for the North Shore, once popular interest in its resources had been aroused. During his lifetime many people scoffed at him as a visionary and dreamer because of these ideas but, almost half a century after his death, in the middle of the twentieth century, his prophecies at last seem to be coming true.

There is no need here to dwell upon the spectacular discoveries of such minerals as iron ore and titanium which have been made in this remote region of Canada during the past seven or eight years and which have focussed the attention of the whole world on Northern Quebec, transforming such backwoods settlements as Seven Islands and Havre Saint Pierre into bustling centres of important activity. To-day, the hinterland of this bleak coast, which De Puyjalon knew as a solitary traveller almost seventy-five years ago, is at last being opened to large scale exploitation and has become Canada's newest and most promising frontier. At long last, the confidence in the future of his beloved but neglected North Shore is being justified a thousand times over. ◆

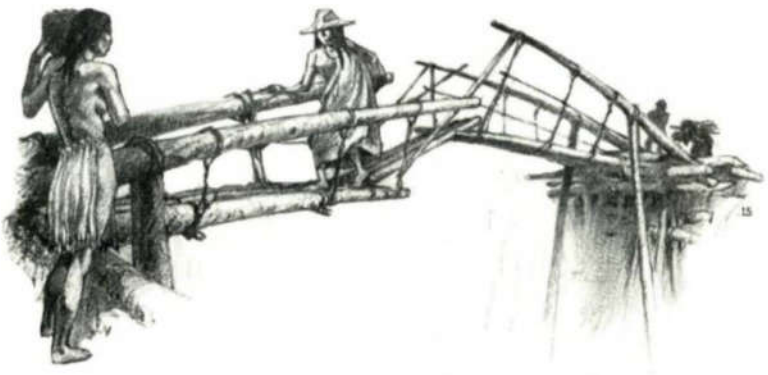
THE TSIMSHIAN

CEREMONIAL MASKS
(MOSQUITO IN THE MIDDLE.)

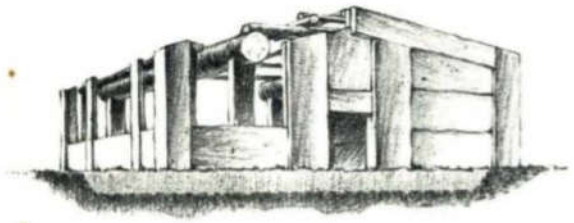
SPINNERS FOR COD FISHING.



FISH CLUB WITH HALIBUT HOOKS AND FLOATS.



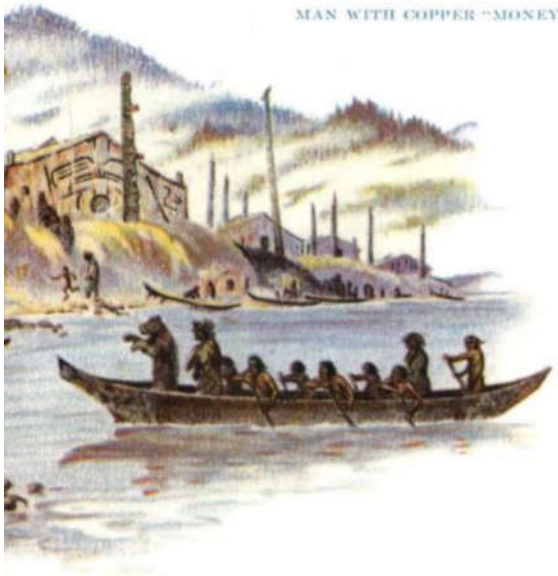
BRIDGE OF POLES AND CEDAR-BARK ROPE.



HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION

by Lloyd Scott

MAN WITH COPPER "MONEY."



IT was no small thing to be a Tsimshian chief in the middle of the last century, when the fur trade had brought such riches as were never known before, when one's aristocratic descent was never called in doubt, and a dozen slaves were there to do one's bidding, to bring great piles of blankets to give away at a potlatch as a long-term loan, or to pour great floods of costly eulachon oil on a blazing canoe to show one's contempt for mere riches.

It had not always been like that. Tsimshian myths and stories tell of an earlier life in the interior when they had lived by hunting, before they made their way down to the coast where life was easier, displacing the Tlinkit who were already there.

Now that was all forgotten. They lived in permanent villages, some used in summer, others in winter, in huge houses of cedar each of which held several families, presided over by the head of the group, usually a chief, one of the aristocracy who never permitted marriage outside their own group, with a freeman or a slave. There were about 4,000 Tsimshian on the Nass and the Skeena in those days and their numbers have not decreased greatly since.

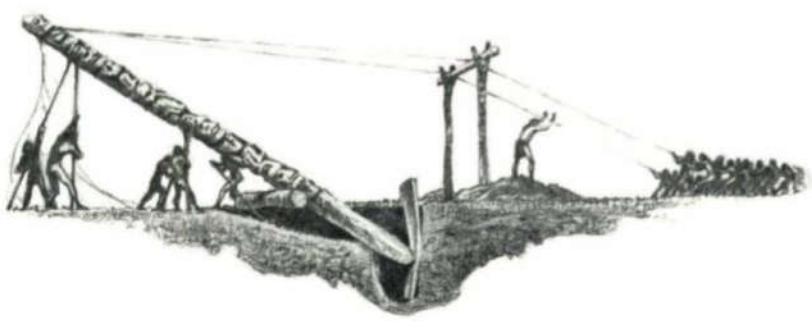
Fish accounted for about three quarters of their diet. Mostly they lived off salmon, halibut, and cod; seals, elk, and deer; camas, seaweed, and berries.

Trade and its profits were the major concern of the chiefs whose social prestige depended largely on wealth. Eulachon oil, essential to the great winter feasts and potlatches in which the chiefs tried to outvie each other in the reckless spending of their resources, was a valuable product, and so were mountain goat wool, sheep horns, furs, dentalium shells used as currency, and slaves.

Clothing, thanks to the mild climate, was largely unnecessary except in the dead of winter when a fur robe might be used. The women sometimes wore skirts and capes of shredded bark.

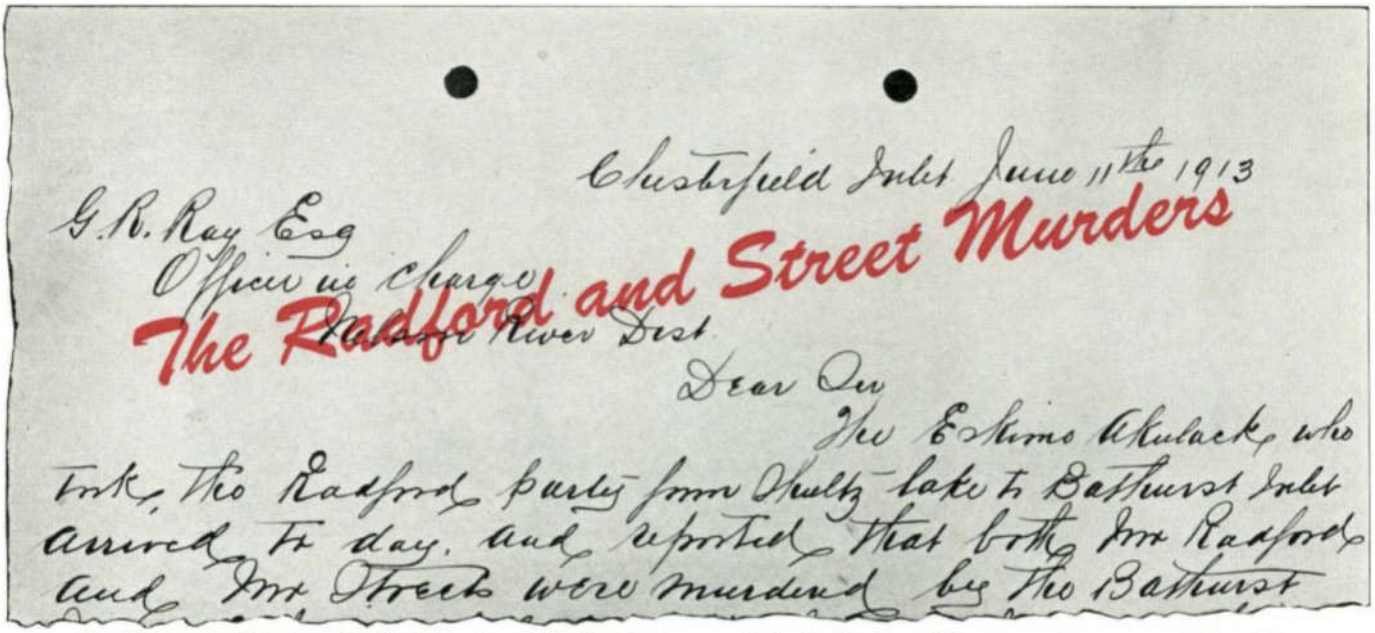
The arts of painting and carving were highly developed and have attracted the attention of artists everywhere. The most conspicuous examples of carving are the tall totem poles, a development of the past hundred years, which display heraldic crests showing the clan affiliations of their owners and which were erected as memorials to the dead or to commemorate some important event, either actual or imaginary.

Text by Douglas Leechman



ERECTING A TOTEM POLE
(GROUND CUT AWAY TO SHOW PIT.)

WOODEN HELMETS.


Chesterfield Inlet June 11th 1913
G.R. Ray Esq
Officer in charge
Hudson River Dist
The Radford and Street Murders
Dear Sir
The Eskimo Akulack, who
took the Radford party from Schultz lake to Bathurst Inlet
arrived to day, and reported that both Mr Radford
and Mr Streets were murdered by the Bathurst

The first part of Herbert Hall's letter by which the first news of the Radford and Street murders was sent Outside.

A recent discovery at York Factory recalls a famous Arctic crime of over forty years ago.

THE case of Radford and Street is one of the most celebrated murder stories in the annals of the Arctic. Though the killings took place in 1912, the country where they occurred was so inaccessible at the time that it was 1917 before an R.N.W.M.P. patrol was able to get in there, and a year more before they emerged into comparative civilization. The first news of the crime, however, came "outside" in 1913, in the form of a letter from the Hudson's Bay post manager at Chesterfield Inlet on the west coast of Hudson Bay to his district manager at York Factory. The original of this letter was recently discovered in the old fur warehouse at York, and brought out to Winnipeg. As "Exhibit A" in this famous case it is of considerable interest, and is therefore copied in full below.

Not much can be gleaned today about these two unfortunate adventurers, but George M. Douglas of Lakefield, Ontario, who was in the Coppermine region over forty years ago, and who met both men on his way down there at Fort Smith, has sent us some notes on them supplied partly by himself and partly by some of his old northern friends. Ex-Asst.-Commissioner T. B. Caulkin, R.C.M.P., who was second in command of the expedition under Insp. F. H. French which investigated the murders, has also supplied some valuable data on the two men's movements after they left Fort Smith.

It appears that "Handsome Harry" Radford first went north in 1909 and boarded with the R.N.W.M.P. at Fort Fitzgerald—then known as Smith's Landing—on the Slave. From there he used to go buffalo hunting (for scientific purposes) in what is now known as Wood Buffalo Park, but was not very successful. However, one animal he was trying to kill was finally brought down by an old half-breed and presented to him. Another time he emptied his magazine at a "bear"—which proved to be only a bearskin rigged on a rope and pulley and operated by some of the local wits.

Radford met T. G. Street at Smith's Landing in 1911, and persuaded him to go on a long journey across the Barrens to Hudson Bay via the Thelon route. Street was a fine young chap, very strong, and a good man with both paddle and axe. Before leaving on their eastward trip, Radford got Street to sign an absurd contract whereby, according to a retired member of the Police who was there at the time, Street was to (1) Save Radford's life, if necessary, at risk of his own; (2) Claim no share in mineral or other valuable finds; (3) Keep no diaries of the trip; and (4) Receive less than his share of the food whenever it became scarce.

Mr. Douglas saw the two men leave Fort Smith on June 27, 1911, with a companion, in an 18½ foot cedar strip canoe. The third man left them at Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake, and they headed along the shore to Fort Reliance at its east end. All we know of their journey to Hudson Bay is that they canoed by way of the Thelon River and Beverley, Aberdeen, Schultz, and Baker Lakes, and arrived at Chesterfield Inlet in the fall.

There they tried to get two Eskimo guides to lead them west across the Barrens to Bathurst Inlet, but as no natives would volunteer, they bought some dogs and an outfit and retraced their steps to Schultz Lake, where they spent the winter.

At Schultz Lake they again tried to persuade local guides to accompany them, and Radford went so far as to level his rifle at one man, threatening to shoot him if he did not obey orders. The Eskimo, however, had taken the measure of his man, and called Radford's bluff.

Eventually the two white men did succeed in engaging two natives to accompany them to Bathurst, one of whom was named Akulack. They reached the Inlet early in 1912, and remained there for a month or so. Akulack and his friend were paid off, and two other natives engaged to take them farther west. The rest of the story is told in the letter that follows.

Chesterfield Inlet, June 11th, 1913.

G. R. Ray, Esq.,
Officer in Charge,
Nelson River Dist.

Dear Sir,

The Eskimo Akulack who took the Radford party from Shultz lake to Bathurst Inlet arrived today and reported that both Mr. Radford and Mr. Street were murdered by the Bathurst Inlet Eskimo. "Cow-muck," Mr. Ford's trader at Shultz Lake was the first to bring down the news, but as I generally take little stock on Indian yarns, I placed very little confidence in it until I saw Akulack myself.

Both Mr. Ford and myself questioned him twice today and his version of the story was practically the same as Kaw-muk's.

Akulack left Mr. Radford about the 5th of June and spent the summer a little south of the Eskimo, but came in contact with them several times and also bought a wife from them, sometime after the murder, which he bought and paid for with a rifle.

When Akulack parted from Mr. Radford it appears that everything was in good order, he had his men engaged, and all preparations were completed for his departure, the two men engaged were supposed to guide him to a whaler that was wintering some 60 miles west of Point Barrow and with whom the Bathurst Eskimo sometimes trade.

Mr. Radford was about to make a start, in fact, the man supposed to go ahead had started, when the other backed out, and would not go, and Mr. Radford to enforce obedience struck him with the handle of a whip, a fight ensued and Mr. Radford was speared in the back by another native. Mr. Street made a run for the sleigh but was murdered before he had time to put up any kind of a fight.

According to the story told to Akulack by one of the natives who was supposed to have witnessed the fight (Nev ve lec) and by the father of his new wife, Mr. Radford put up quite a fight before he gave in and had to be speared several times before he fell, and as life still lingered while he lay on the ground, he got the finishing touch by getting his throat cut. Akulack on being asked why the Eskimo refused to accompany Mr. Radford said that the man's wife was suddenly taken ill and Mr. Radford not understanding the Eskimo language must have taken a wrong meaning and tried to enforce obedience. Akulack named the principal murderers as Hull-la-lark and Am-me-ku'nic.

This report like all others from the Indians might be false, but as Akulack is considered a first class and reliable Eskimo and as I tried to impress upon him the consequences resulting from any false statement made by him on such persons as Mr. Radford and Mr. Street, and the determined way in which he excluded his wife's relations from all blame and his unwillingness to go back into that country as a trader, I have no doubt that there is a certain amount of truth in his statement.

While I was inland I had an Eskimo trading with the same band named *Kaka mi*, and from what I learned from him the majority are still in their primitive state and are still using bow and arrow and that all quarrels and disputes are generally settled by the death of one of the combatants.

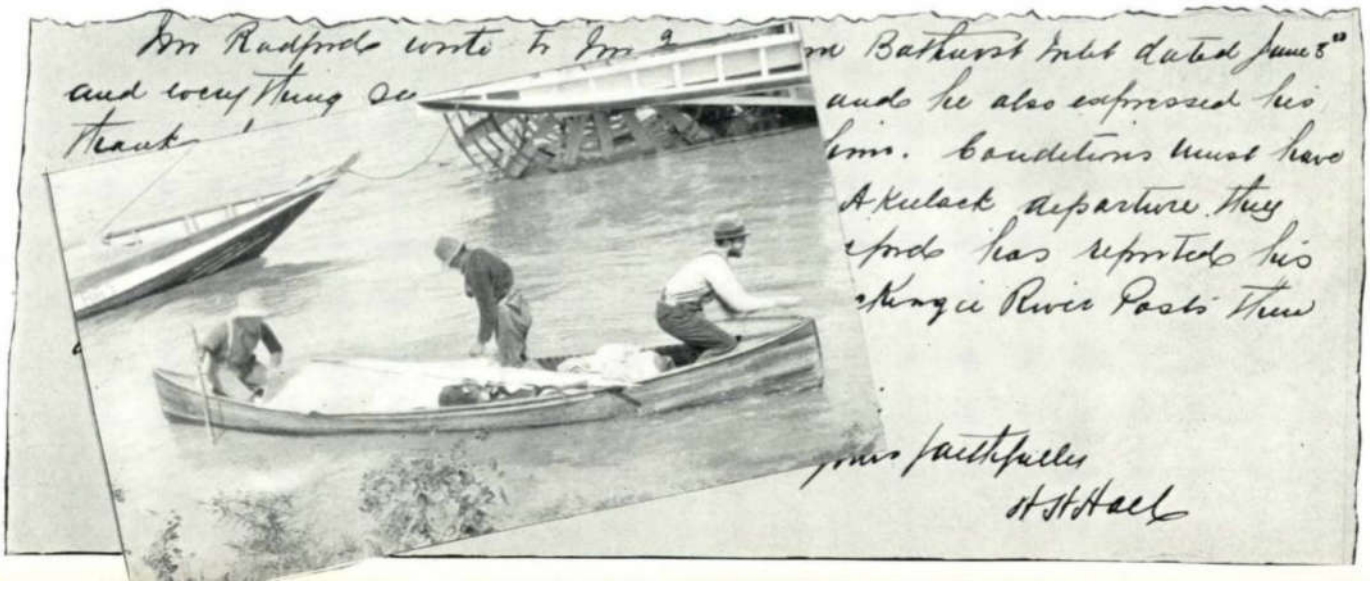
If this report is true there is one [thing] I can say that Mr. Radford showed very poor judgement when he tried to enforce obedience by striking an Eskimo so far from civilization.

Mr. Radford wrote to Mr. Ford from Bathurst Inlet dated June 3rd and everything seemed to be o.k. then and he also expressed his thanks for all the assistance given him. Conditions must have changed very quickly for 5 days after Akulack's departure they were all murdered. If Mr. Radford has reported his safe arrival at some of the McKenzie River Posts then all these statements are false.

I remain

Yours faithfully

H. H. Hall



The last part of the letter. Inset: Radford (bow) and Street (stern) leaving Fort Smith. In the background is Mr. Douglas's York boat. G. M. D.

LITTLE P.G.E GOES SOME WHERE

by FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES

Drawings by FRANCIS LEE JAQUES.

Heading by J. Duthie

AS railroad enthusiasts, my husband and I have great admiration for Canada's two great railroad systems. We are always eager for a chance to ride on the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific.

But our hearts go out particularly to odd little railroads; in fact, we collect trips on them instead of collecting stamps or first editions. We made a trip to Newfoundland to ride on its cross-island train; in England we found a railroad one third life size—engines, stations and all—across the Romney marsh; we spent a summer's holiday in Colorado investigating the mountain narrow-gauges, (including the famous Galloping Goose, an old Pierce Arrow car split in two and widened to fit the track); in Alaska we fell in love with the adventurous White Pass and Yukon of gold-rush fame; and we always enjoy coming unexpectedly on obscure logging railroads.

So when we first read about British Columbia's PGE ("The Pacific Great Eastern Railway—The Railway with a Personality" which is "neither pacific nor great nor eastern") we felt we would never be content until we could ride its rails. And in the summer of 1950 we were lucky enough to have this dream realized.

In *As Far As the Yukon* I have a chapter which tells of that trip; I called it "From Nowhere to Nowhere." For PGE was then one of the very few standard gauge railroads which was completely cut off from any other line and did not connect with any city. It simply ran from Squamish to Quesnel—names which are met with a look of blank disbelief when you mention them but which certainly have a ring which invites versification.

Other claims to fame were that PGE never made any money and that in less than forty years it had managed to run up a debt of 160 million dollars. Quite an achievement for such a midget, only about 300 miles long; once it managed to lose more than a million in a single year.

Just the same, it was a good little railroad, brave and indomitable even though it had no true head nor tail. It meant to have both; it had the best intentions. When it was planned it was supposed to run from Vancouver north about 400 miles to Prince George, and open up a vast wilderness at that time completely roadless except for one wagon track wandering through the forest to a distant mining settlement.

Building the PGE was begun in 1912 at Squamish, a tiny tide-water hamlet on Howe Sound, about forty miles north of Vancouver, and track was laid as far as Quesnel. Other small pieces began here and there—about twelve miles were laid north of Vancouver and eighteen miles south from Prince George; these intended to connect with the completed middle. But in 1917 funds ran out. The blasting through solid rock between Vancouver and Squamish and the totally unstable banks of the Cottonwood River north of Quesnel, made completion of the project far too costly. The backers gave up.

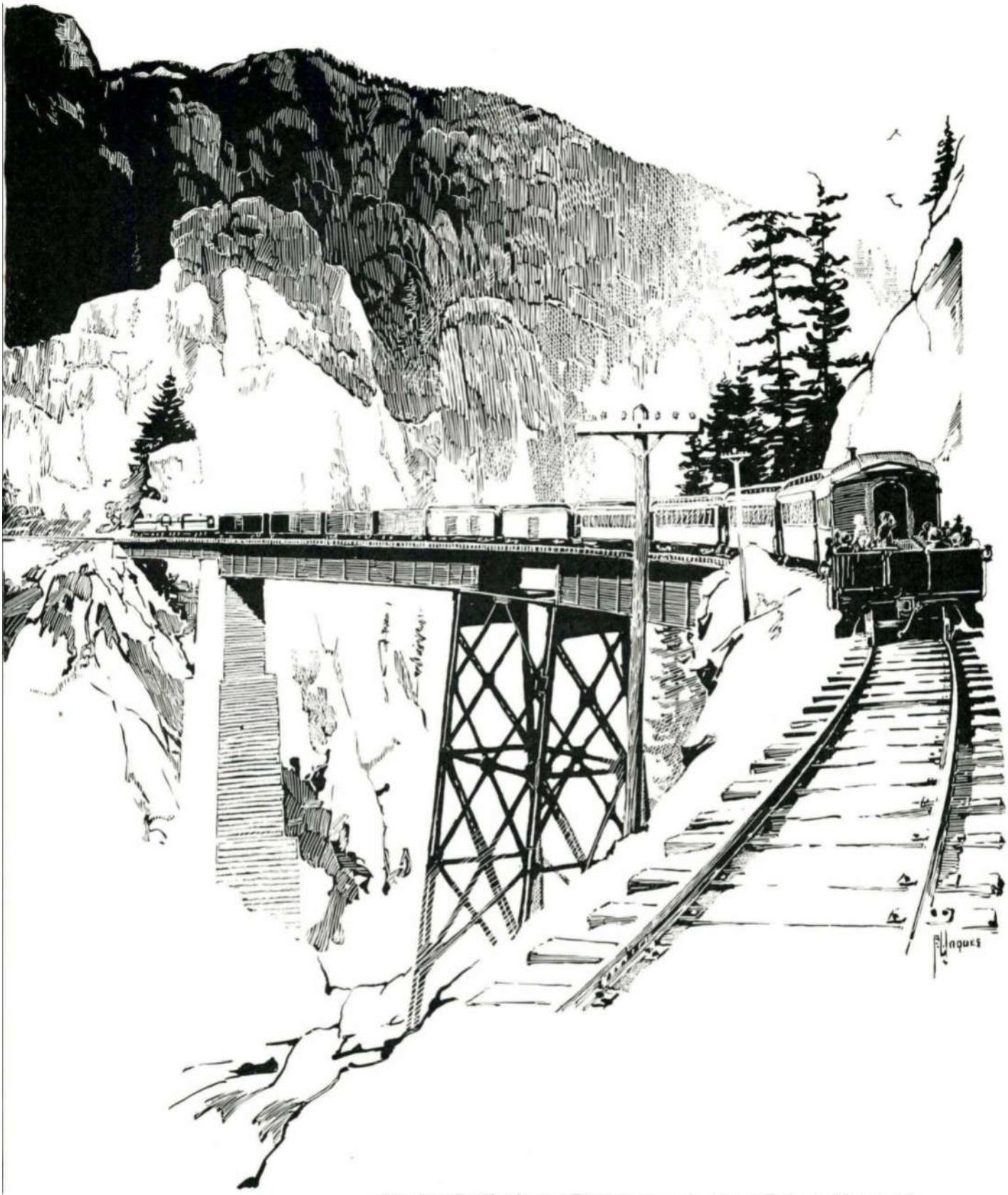
The provincial government took over, very reluctantly, and in 1921 the line became operative between Squamish and Quesnel. But passengers and freight had to get to Squamish from Vancouver by water. This procedure is both slow and costly for freight and explains how fast the losses mounted. It takes sixteen to twenty-four hours for freight cars to come up by barge, and it costs $10 more per car than if there were a rail connection. Little PGE became more and more unpopular with the government. Nobody could agree as to whether it should be killed off in its ill-spent youth or supported in a manner to which it had never been accustomed. Margaret Murray, in the *Alaska Highway News* for Jan. 2, 1953, writes "The PGE became the butt of jokes, the football of politicians. . . . We had lots of anguish, and tears, and fights. But fun? Lots of it. Political meetings often turned into riots and we loved it."

For a long time PGE was left stranded, without benefit of cities. But by 1950 the government finally decided that it should be extended north to Prince George to meet the Canadian National.* This joining with the C.N. would greatly increase its usefulness and make it much more of a solid citizen. But we were very glad that we had planned to ride on it before it lost its erratic character.

Our long-anticipated journey started one June morning. We left Vancouver with the sun shining through white mist, on a steamer which started off purposefully to the north, as if it was determined to take us to Alaska. Soon, however, it turned off into Howe Sound, a long inlet, and we steamed along all morning, with brief stops at Brittany Beach, which boasted a huge copper mine, and at Wood Fiber, to unload supplies of fruits and vegetables.

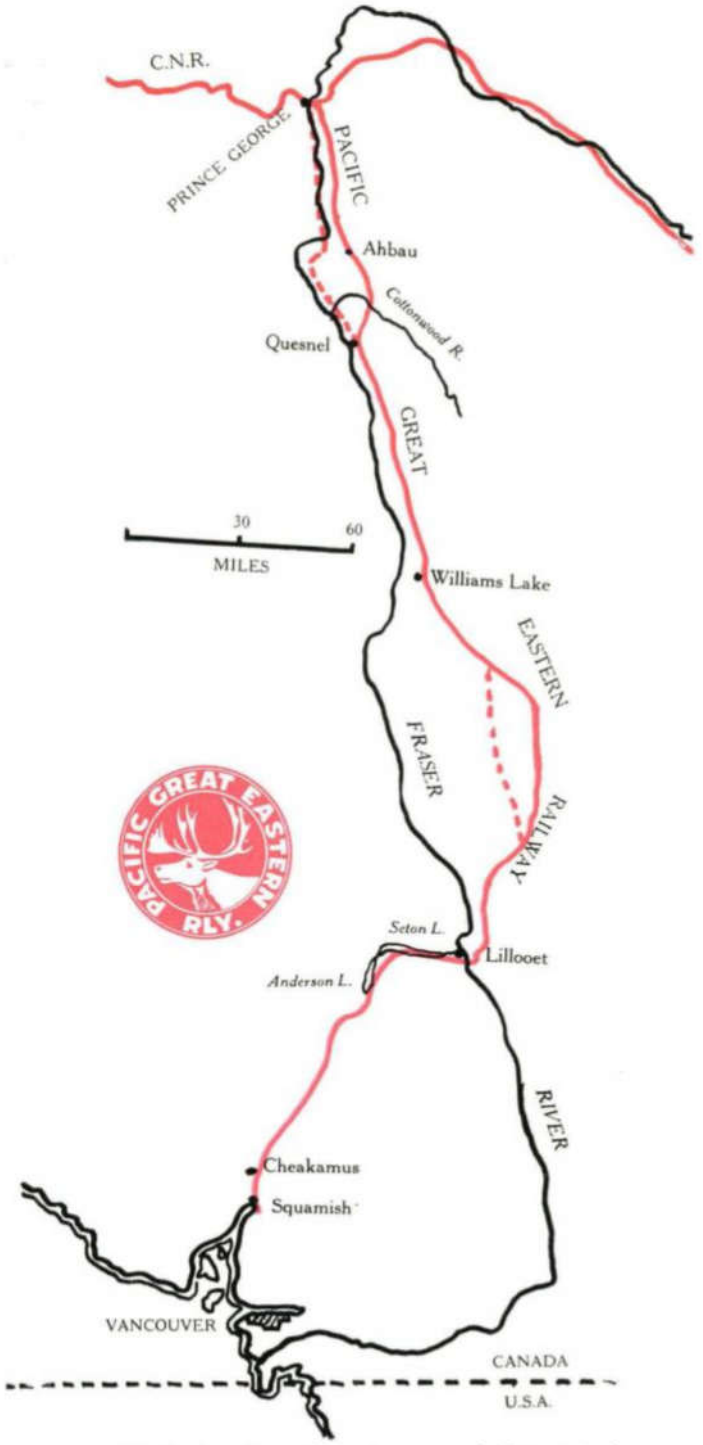
In early afternoon our voyage ended. We came to a tidal flat, the delta of the Squamish and Cheakeye rivers. Immense cliffs towered over a lonely dock. There was no sign of a village.

*Hence one of PGE's nicknames—"Prince George Eventually."



Crossing the Cheakamus River canyon, nineteen miles out of Squamish.

Lee and Florence Jaques (pronounced Jay-ques) are a husband-and-wife, artist-and-writer team whose extensive travels in North America result in such books as "Canoe Country," "Snowshoe Country," "The Geese Fly High," "Canadian Spring," and "As Far as the Yukon." Besides "collecting" unusual railways, Mr. Jaques is one of America's foremost animal artists. His scratchboard illustrations grace many books and magazines (including this one), and his magnificent backgrounds for life-size habitat groups are to be seen in such places as the American, and University of Minnesota, Museums of Natural History. Until recently the Jaqueses were residents of New York City. Now they live in Mr. Jaques' home state of Minnesota.



The broken lines show the route of the original survey.

But a very brilliant train was waiting for us. If PGE had been so poverty stricken that its rolling stock was a hodgepodge—castoffs from American railroads and defunct interurban lines—at least it was gay about its makeshift condition. The two new diesel engines were small but vivid in orange and emerald green, and the cars, (of varying widths and sizes but each with a caribouhead insignia), were bright red and yellow. From this variety of shape and colour has come the train's nickname of Crazy Quilt.

Certainly we have never found a cheerfuller, more buoyant railroad. The train personnel was as colourful as the cars, and made us feel at home from the start. There was none of the impersonal atmosphere of larger trains—everybody was in a picnic mood.

Our train took us a short ride into Squamish itself, a village with a population of 1500, where we made a long stop. This gave the passengers a chance to take their first pictures of our train. As the PGE is famous among the railroad-enthusiast clan for its unusual location, magnificent scenery and odd informality, many of the passengers had come, as we had, to add it as a trophy to their list. So now movie footage, kodachrome and black-and-white film were used up recklessly, as our diesels picked up boxcars of many vintages. Then we started out on our ride to Quesnel, 348 miles away.

We were certainly not disappointed in our unique journey. The landscape varies so remarkably that perhaps PGE has a right to claim that no other railroad in the world can offer so *much* scenery in so short a distance! The track itself was fascinating to all the railroad-lovers. The rails were light, but the right-of-way was kept meticulously. Great engineering skill was required to plan this road. It goes through wild territory of spectacular beauty, first over the Coast Range where snowy peaks stand against the sky. Then up the tremendous gorge of the Fraser it climbs to Kelly Lake, after which it takes a wide detour across a plateau and follows the old Cariboo Trail, to rejoin the Fraser at Williams Lake.

Our train was scheduled to run three times a week. It did not average more than 20 miles an hour because of steep grades, sharp curves, high trestles, the chance of Indians or cattle or moose on the tracks, to say nothing of the ever-present danger of rockslides or avalanches on the dizzy shelves blasted out of vertical cliffs.

The train was most comfortable. Our sleeping car seemed normal, though one sleeper is reported to have berths two inches narrower than usual—which is important to the collectors of sleeping-car items. But it was the observation car which gave us joy unconfined.

For it was an old interurban car with the top sawed off, so that we rode in the open air. I had done this only once before on a train; when I was a little girl we had gone through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansaw River on a flat car which had planks nailed across it. But then we had had locomotives ahead that showered us with cinders and soot till we could barely see the scenery. Now for once I was really grateful to have diesels ahead of us; they gave us no such discomfort. (I must admit too they have helped PGE to make great savings in operational costs. In 1951 the road made a net operating profit of $50,000, the first profit since it went into operation.)

We had perfect weather and as we rode along we revelled in seeing all around and above us. We were riding through the mosses and ferns of heavy rain forest, and it was glorious to be able to look straight up through the drooping branches of the great Douglas firs to snow-covered slopes, or down to the flood water in the chasms below us. It was

Looking downstream along the deep-cut Fraser just north of Lillooet.

even more delightful to smell the fresh forest, fragrant with cedar and spruce and wild syringa, and to be able to hear clearly the birdsong mixed with the sound of rapids and waterfalls.

This was deep wilderness. There was no road to the outside world. Aside from a few fishing camps, it belonged to the Indians, and as they felt the track was a good road for themselves and their horses, the train was apt to slow down until they indulgently ambled out of the way.

Since the bright sun was melting the mountain snows, waterfalls were everywhere, above, about, below. At Brandywine our bridge went across the very brink of the falls. Later we took shelves which seemed far too narrow, along steep mountainsides which rose straight up from two long narrow lakes, Anderson and Seton. These lakes are not only extremely beautiful but can boast of fifteen-pound rainbow trout in their blue waters. And speaking of colour, our train, orange and green and red and yellow, reflecting in those blue waters and with the purple mountains above it—how gaudy it must have looked to the Indians as we passed by them!

After sunset the air grew cooler; but we were still warmed, for the great cliffs towering above our track had stored up the sun's heat and acted as gigantic radiators. Only when they were gashed by some waterfall's descent, we could feel, instead of steady heat, an icy draft which came from the tumultuous snow-water.

Far from being satiated, we were all the more entranced as night came on. In the early evening we came from the dense rain forest into a drier area, Lillooet valley, and after a short stop here we started upgrade along the Fraser River.

This was truly breathtaking in all sorts of ways. In the first place the scenery grew more and more magnificent in the strange light of the long afterglow. Then we were stimulated at the knowledge that at last here we were on the Fraser, one of the most exciting rivers of our continent, its shores almost uninhabited. We had been reading Bruce Hutchinson's *The Fraser* and he had certainly made its first exploration by a white man come alive to us. Simon Fraser's "savage journey," Bernard De Voto calls it in *The Course of Empire*, going on to state that no one travelling a North American river had quite as desperate a time as the Fraser party did. The story is worth looking up. In spite of the river's treacherous violence, in spite of hostile Indians and the loss of canoes, in spite of such precipices that all equipment had to be carried up and down on netted ladders, Fraser led his small party from Fort George to the Fraser's mouth in 35 days and back in 34, without losing a man.*

As our train crawled up the steep grade and the Fraser was almost lost to sight in its deep gorge, 2000 feet below us, we marvelled more and more at the explorer's feat. We could not bear to lose sight of such adventurous depths and heights by going inside to our sleeping car. The air was deliciously soft. The night was dark because a submerged moon simply would not climb above the stony heights so that we could see it. Stars were sprinkled all about, how-

*See Beaver Dec. 1944, "With Fraser to the Sea."

Historic meeting place. The junction of the P.G.E. with the C.N.R. just across the Fraser from Prince George.

ever, and in the black chasms far below the river cut silver slashes.

The scent of sagebrush came to us on a light wind that barely ruffled our hair. Someone began to sing and others joined in so that we rode for miles with familiar songs echoing down unfamiliar precipices. It was an unforgettable night and I am still sorry we did not stay up to see the late moon and the very early sunrise. But after midnight we left the Fraser to semi-circle through plateau country and sleepiness finally overpowered us.

The only criticism I had of the entire trip was that both going to Quesnel and returning from it, the ride along the Fraser gorge was at night. When we woke to a sunny morning we were passing Williams Lake and it was delightful to be able to step out into the fresh air on the observation car before going to the diner for breakfast. After passing the lake we were in cattle and farming country, where some of the ranches total over 100,000 acres. Now it was hilly rather than mountainous, grassy instead of forested. But even here the Fraser's banks are treacherous and the track is carefully watched to see that it has not slipped a few inches toward the river overnight.

We arrived at Quesnel in mid-morning and did not leave till that evening. Quesnel is a pleasant little place, beautifully located between the Fraser and Quesnel rivers. A fellow passenger told us when we left that he had hired a car and gone out to see the construction which had been started for the new extension of PGE on to Prince George. It was being built, our acquaintance said, with heavier steel, longer curves and easier grades than the original line. Bridges of steel and concrete, or long fills, were taking the place of the wooden trestles which had been so costly to maintain. We had not realized that work had actually been begun on that extension and were most regretful that we had not gone along.

That extension is now a reality. PGE has become a respectable railroad, a connection of the Canadian National, with which it is united at Prince George. The 82½ miles of new track from Quesnel to Prince George was opened with much fanfare on November 1st, 1952.

The train starting north that day was made up of two diesels, pulling seventeen cars. Four hundred passengers were aboard and on the front of the train a huge banner announced *Hello, Prince George, We're Here!*

The passengers included many oldtime residents of the country, among them Captain Foster, who had piloted his last sternwheeler on the Fraser River in 1920, L. C. Gunn, one of the early location and construction engineers of the railroad, and Margaret Murray, who had helped to publish three weekly newspapers along the PGE right of way in the early thirties.

The train left Quesnel at 7.45 in the morning and at 9 met another special coming from Prince George, at Ahbau Bridge. The main reason that construction had been abandoned in the early days was that it seemed impossible to build a bridge across the Cottonwood River's unstable banks at any reasonable price. Now there is a new crossing seven miles upstream, in rocky terrain, where a steel bridge has been erected, 235 feet above the river.

At Ahbau Bridge, which is 900 feet long, a silver spike was driven to dedicate the road. L. A. Fraser, an old timer, and L. C. Gunn, the engineer mentioned above, drove home the spike.

Then the northbound train went on to Mileport, just across the Fraser River from Prince George. This is the junction with the Canadian National, and here a C.N. engine took over and pulled the train in triumph into Prince George. There was a crowd of ten thousand, led by six bands, including an Indian Boys band, to greet it.

The people of British Columbia are enthusiastic over what this extension is to mean to their province. They hope it will eventually be extended into the rich Peace River Valley and perhaps even north to Alaska. The *Alaska Highway News* says, "There is more wealth along the PGE Railway in B.C. than in both CPR and CNR main lines in B.C. put together." The Honourable Ralph Chetwynd, Minister of Railways, writes in the *Northwest Digest* of November 1952, "The old timers who had waited up to fifty years for this moment, and the young people who had left the larger centers with faith in the future of the north, saw in this event the forerunner of a new era pointing to the vast grain, oil, mineral and lumber resources of the north. . . . The driving of the silver spike at Ahbau Creek and the history-making first train into Prince George completes one more step in the construction of a railway to the Pacific coast which will connect the rest of Canada and the United States to the untouched wealth of the north."

So we must rejoice at the fact that PGE is growing up. But we are glad we met her when she was still an odd and isolated little individual. ◆

THE FUR TRADE PARTY

Eighty years ago, the smouldering discontent of the H B C "wintering partners," occasioned by a reduced share of the Company's profits, burst forth into a flame of agitation.

by G. F. G. Stanley

I—Storm Warnings

IN 1821 the old Hudson's Bay Company and its rival of thirty-seven years, the North West Company, came together to form a single company to exploit the resources of the Canadian fur trade. It was a union imposed by necessity, brought about by the business managers of both companies at the instigation of the British Government. The "wintering partners," the profit-sharing officers of the companies who were actively engaged in the trade, were not consulted—time, it was said, would not permit—but their interests were not ignored, for they were represented by Dr. John McLoughlin and Angus Bethune. At the same time the terms of union were drafted, an agreement was signed by which the men in the field, the factors and traders, would receive forty percent of the net profits of the trade. The Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company were to provide the capital, the officers of the Fur Trade, the experience.

To give effect to the provisions of the Deed Poll, eighty-five shares were allocated to the wintering partners on the basis of two shares for each Chief Factor and one share for each Chief Trader. Both grades were also to be entitled to the full benefit of their commissions for the first, and to one-half the value of the same for the next succeeding six years after retirement from active service. The Deed Poll of 1821 was subsequently replaced by another in 1834 which did not, however, substantially alter the terms of the earlier arrangement.

Although the Commissioned Officers received less than half the profits, they were the men responsible for the entire operation of the fur trade at its first level. The London partners might still purchase supplies and trade goods and send them to Canada, receive raw furs and sell them at auction, but they had little control over the actual trade in Canada. The management in the field rested with the local Governor and the Council of the Northern Department, which was made up of the Chief Factors and which met annually at Norway House. These were the men who knew the country, who knew the Indians, and who knew every trick and device accumulated in two centuries of the trade. Their lives and their livelihood were bound up with the trade, its romance and its traditions. They were no mere salaried clerks. They depended upon their own efforts and their own knowledge. They were part and parcel of a system which placed a premium upon aptitude for and application to the job at hand. They, not the London board, were the real adventurers.

The emotional adjustments consequent upon the union of 1821 were not achieved without some heartburnings. But on the whole they were remarkably successful. Considerably less successful were the adjustments to the changed conditions imposed upon the wintering partners by the sale of the Company's assets to the International Financial Society in 1863 and the disposal of the Company's chartered rights to Canada in 1869. Both of these transactions had been made by the controlling group in London in frank recognition of the inevitability of the opening of the licensed and chartered territories of the Company to settlement. But to the old fur traders settlement was the traditional enemy of the fur trade. Their ears were deaf to the ominous tramp of westward-bound settlers and their minds were rigidly opposed to change.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate that no effort was made to consult the wintering partners, either in 1863 or in 1869. It is clear that under the terms of the Deed Poll the London Committee was under no legal obligation to consult the winterers; less obvious was the right of the stockholders to refuse the partners a share in the funds accruing from compensation granted by Canada for the surrender of its rights in Rupert's Land, and by the United States for the damages resulting from the Oregon Treaty. Certainly the Chief Factors and Chief Traders had a strong moral claim upon the Company for the deterioration of their incomes and position; and according to Sir Robert Collier and George Jessel, the one head of the Common Law Bar and the other an accomplished equity lawyer, a legal case might be made against the directors and stockholders in England for breach of contract. A less legalistic policy would, in the long run, have been in the best interests of the Company.

In 1871 the old Deed Poll was revised. The partners were granted £107,055, and the agreement of 1834 was closed. The new Deed Poll was signed December 19th, 1871. It defined the rights and prescribed the duties of the officers of the company. It continued the practice of granting forty

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percent of the profits to the wintering partners, but increased the number of shares from 85 to 100. These shares were to be allocated, three to each of the four Inspecting Chief Factors, two and a half to each of the eight Chief Factors, two to each of the twenty Factors, one and one half to each of the ten Chief Traders and one to each of the eight Junior Chief Traders, with the remaining five shares being applied to form a fund at the disposition of the Governor and Committee for the benefit of the Commissioned Officers after they had ceased to be in the Company's service, or for their families. In addition to their share of the profits the partners were to be entitled, out of the general stores, to "such personal necessaries as may be approved by the Commissioner." All other articles consumed "or improperly used" were, however, to be charged to the respective private accounts of the winterers. Where desirable the allowance of rations might be commuted by a money payment. Under the same agreement the Governor and Committee were empowered to appoint a "Chief Commissioner" to represent the Company's interests in North America "to whom the Officers, Clerks, and Servants shall be responsible." The expense attending the appointment was to be borne by the Company and the Fur Trade in the proportion of one to two. The Council of the Northern Department was to be done away with but the Commissioner was empowered to summon the Inspecting Chief Factors and Chief Factors "or any number of them to form a council, from time to time, for advising on matters pertaining to the Trade and discipline of the service."

The damage, however, had been done. The old sores of 1863 and 1869 were only partly healed and the suspicions of the wintering partners remained unallayed by the new Deed Poll. It had become a tradition that the framers of the original Deed Poll of 1821 had had as their aim the securing of an annual income of £500 to the holder of a share. Dividends of more than that amount had on occasions been paid, but the average return over the years between 1821 and 1871 had been only £340; and the prospects of continued profits from the Fur Trade were not bright. Between 1865 and 1869 the wintering partners had received only a basic minimum of £275 per share which the Governor and Committee had agreed to give them out of the officers' "moral" moiety of the Oregon indemnity; and anything less than £300 was regarded as inadequate remuneration. In 1869 the return per share fell to £206/17/6, and in September 1870, Chief Trader J. Lockhart wrote to Donald A. Smith, in Montreal, "should the guarantee not be renewed, our dividends will not pay for salt to our porridge."

There was every reason to fear the future. With the transfer of the Company's territories to Canada, the trade was thrown open to the whole world, and costs were promptly increased by the imposition of Canadian customs duties upon goods imported for the Indian trade. More and more it became apparent to the partners that the Fur Trade, instead of dominating the Company's operations, was declining in importance, and that the returns from the

Chief Factor Roderick MacFarlane was one of the first to urge that something drastic be done about the parlous state of the commissioned officers' affairs.

sale of the Company's lands to settlers would go into the pockets of the stockholders and not into the distribution of profits among the partners of the Fur Trade.* And who, if not the partners, had so built up the reputation of the Company as to enhance the value of its stock upon the money exchange of London?

The lack of enthusiasm on the part of the partners for the new Deed Poll is obvious from their letters. Chief Trader Fortescue wrote from Norway House on January 28, 1872 that the London Committee "intend using us as a cat's paw to increase the value of their lands, i.e., make us open the country at our expense to make the lands valuable." Another officer expressed his frank distrust of the new Deed Poll. "It is not what we want" he wrote, "We, and the Company in England, have *not* common interests." There was general resentment at the absence of a guaranteed minimum return in the new Deed Poll. "It is simply iniquituous" wrote Chief Clerk D. MacArthur, "that the commissioned officers should be compelled to work for nothing as they are doing at present under the precious new Deed Poll." He added ominously "If I am not mistaken there is a storm brewing."

For several years the returns to the wintering partners showed an increase. In 1871 and 1872 the dividend per share to the winterers amounted to over £500. The country was still rich in furs and the Company, despite the retirement of some of the older officers, still had no want of

*Prior to 1870 the proceeds of the sale of fur lands were, in fact, credited to the Fur Trade (see extract, letter from Thomas Fraser to Chief Factor George Barnston and other Commissioned Officers, 1863) but this policy was not followed after the transfer of the Hudson's Bay Company Territories to Canada. The land sales became a separate operation distinct from the Fur Trade.

experienced traders. But there were those Cassandras like Lockhart, who still worried about salt for his porridge. None, he wrote in March 1872, would be available "for three or four years at least." "It is all very well for Donald A. Smith, with his £2000 secure annually," he continued, "to puff the new arrangements. But 'fine promises butter no parsnips' and you will all find yourselves fooled. We all thought the old Deed Poll a rather one-sided affair, but it wasn't a circumstance to the present one."

There was some justification for these gloomy prognostications. The "Great Depression" of the seventies struck hard at the body economic. 1873 was the year of "panic" in America; the year in which Jay Cooke's Northern Pacific crashed to the ground carrying its European investors with it. Falling prices and contracting markets in Europe brought about a serious decline in Canadian exports, and in furs no less than in lumber, wheat, and fish. The volume and value of Canadian furs slumped badly, and this at a time when the costs of the trade in the Northwest were rising in the face of inflated charges on transportation and increased competition from Yankee traders who swarmed into the newly opened areas with exaggerated ideas of the golden possibilities of the trade. The Company endeavoured to reduce transportation expenses by placing steamers upon the Saskatchewan and enjoining the strictest economy in every part of the business, but the returns to the partners showed a decline to £358/7/11 in 1873, and to £203/15/3 in 1875. In 1875 the wintering partners received no dividends, being obliged, under the terms of the Deed Poll, to serve at their own expense. In 1876 they received only £100.

Chief Factor John H. McTavish of Fort Garry was the real leader of the agitation.

With the drastic drop in the returns of the Fur Trade, after the bright years of 1871 and 1872, the smouldering discontent of the wintering partners burst forth into a flame of agitation. They were quick to recall that the stockholders had received approximately one million pounds (£300,000 from Canada at the time of the transfer and £700,000 from the sale of lands) and had refused to share it with the winterers. That "crowd of grasping, howling shareholders," Chief Factor Christie called them. Donald A. Smith might issue admonitions to "try and reduce your expenses, follow up an economical system of trade, and do not buy furs in Athabasca at a higher price than they are realizing in England, or any market in Europe," but the wintering partners were angry and despondent. "I have just heard of the result of the Company's last sales in August," wrote Chief Factor William Charles from Victoria, "What are we coming to? I do not think the fur-trade can ever go back to what it was a few years since. We cannot go on receiving nothing for our pay year after year. Unless matters mend, it would be as well for us to be either placed on the retired list or leave at once."

Protests were sent to the Chief Commissioner, James A. Grahame, and through him to London. The reply was scarcely one to encourage the winterers to believe in the fair-mindedness of the English Committee. After informing Grahame that the partners were "perfectly justified in believing that the absence of any profits to divide among the Commissioned Officers . . . was a matter of the deepest regret" the Governor, George Goschen, went on to remind the winterers that the Committee was "not free with regard to the question of remuneration to Officers," that "on this point the terms of the Deed Poll are very explicit." It was just not in the bond. However, as a matter of concession, the Committee was prepared, "as a temporary expedient" to give the winterers £100 per share for the Outfit 1876" should the profits of that Outfit, as must be feared, not yield such a result." The money was to be found from the five shares set aside for retired officers. Goschen concluded his letter on a chilly note of hope: "The Committee see no ground for permanent discouragement."

Perhaps not permanent discouragement, but certainly no immediate improvement. In June 1878, Donald A. Smith, then Land Commissioner in the Hudson's Bay Company, wrote privately to Archibald McDonald at Fort Ellice that "a few years more such as 1875 and 1876 would indeed be most serious and would fall with great heaviness on the Commissioned Officers." His assurance that "not alone, however, in the fur trade is this dreadful depression experienced as it is felt with almost equal severity in business generally," and his hope that "happily there now appears to be some slight improvement which . . . gives heart and hope for the future" did not, however, mollify the partners, any more than had Goschen's proposal to Grahame.

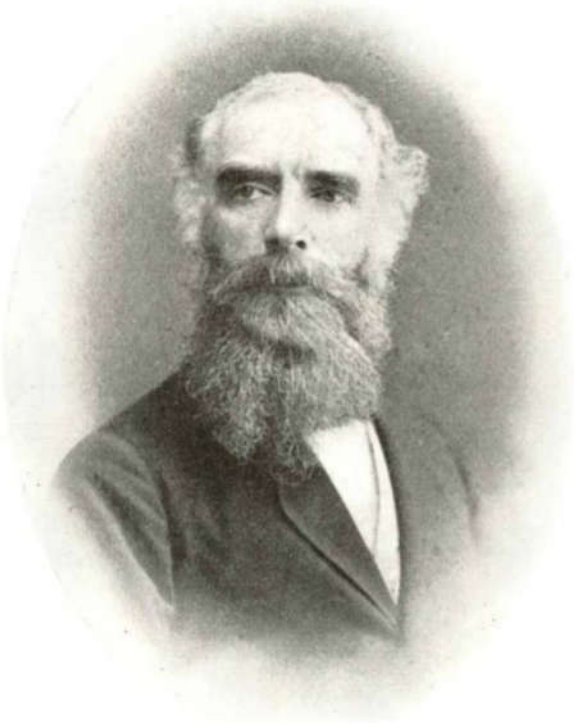
Commissioned officers and others at the Carlton House meeting. Archibald McDonald and Roderick MacFarlane are standing at the left, James McDougall at the right, Middle row, left to right: Laurence Clarke, James A. Grahame, Donald A. Smith, and Richard Hardisty. Note the various styles in clothes—especially hats.

Only four days earlier Roderick MacFarlane, one of the ablest of the northern fur traders, had also written to McDonald from the Clearwater, that the trade had fallen off considerably "owing to *starvation* among the Indians last winter." The season had, indeed, been "the hardest ever before experienced by the Company's people & Natives in both Athabasca and McKenzie River," and MacFarlane's thoughts turned to what the results to the traders themselves would be. "It is all very well to *talk* & *write*;" he wrote "but under existing circumstances, I think our wisest course will be to *consider* well beforehand on the line to be followed—one thing is *certain*, we cannot go on serving for little or nothing." In view of the impending meeting of the wintering partners at Fort Carlton, MacFarlane urged McDonald to write him fully about the proposals to be discussed. "*Something must* be done" he added "and that before long; but we must act *unanimously* or we may fail in our efforts for the general good." MacFarlane knew what he was writing about. Some time previously he had come forward with a plan for a revision of the Deed Poll providing for the equal division of the profits with the London shareholders, but his suggestions had not received the full support of the wintering partners, and had come to nothing.

The real leader of the agitation was, however, not MacFarlane, but John H. McTavish. McTavish was convinced that the partners, scattered about as they were, could achieve nothing individually. With the support of his brother George, he set out to bring about some unity of purpose and action among them. He discussed matters "in every shape" with "all the Officers with whom I have come in contact," and obtained assurances of support not only from those officers in the neighborhood of Fort Garry but also those whom he met at Grand Rapids in the spring of 1878. The Chief Commissioner, sensing the rising storm of opposition, refused to allow either McTavish or Roderick Ross to go to Fort Carlton, but with Archibald McDonald, James McDougall and Roderick MacFarlane ready to take the lead, McTavish's absence did not matter a great deal, particularly since he had already mobilized considerable support and drafted the plan of operations to be followed at the Fort Carlton meeting.*

Both Commissioner Grahame and Donald A. Smith met the partners at Carlton. They listened to the complaints. They expressed sympathy. But, as Grahame admitted to George McTavish prior to the meeting, they "had no proposition from the people at home to submit to the Officers at Carlton." Smith could merely promise to make personal representations in London on behalf of the partners. Owing to the unwillingness of Laurence Clarke to associate himself with the others, no concrete proposals were put forward by the partners themselves, other than to advance the name of John McTavish as a delegate along with Donald A. Smith. Despite the adverse opinions of some of the winterers, the majority probably concurred in the opinion expressed by George McTavish that Smith was the best choice which could be made. "There is no one else," he wrote, "who would have the same weight with the Board or Shareholders in England." But others felt that little could be expected "from terms made by the old class

*See his letter to McDougall of 19 June, 1878 in which he urged that Smith should be appointed as delegate of the partners with full power of attorney, and that a guarantee of £200 minimum should be insisted upon. "There is not an officer in the service who will accept less."



Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona and Governor of the Company) who with J. H. McTavish represented the wintering partners in the discussions with the London Board.

of officers" and urged that "new blood" be added to the deputation.

This was the view of J. J. Hargrave and Alex Christie, both of whom wrote to Chief Factor McDougall at Carlton urging McTavish's nomination. McTavish appeared suitably reluctant to accept the invitation, and later stated that only the failure of the meeting at Carlton had "convinced him of its absolute necessity," but it is hardly likely that the proposal came to him as a surprise.* To show the London Committee that the delegates were supported by the whole body of wintering partners, those officers who had been unable to attend the gathering at Carlton were requested to provide both Smith and McTavish with their powers of attorney. "The more Powers of Attorney that reach the Delegates, the stronger they can make their case and the sooner we may expect the negotiations to be brought to a close," wrote George McTavish from Fort Garry on August 5th. John McTavish himself wrote to many of the Factors asking for their support and for a statement of their views in order that he might be able "to meet as far as possible the general views of all." In a confidential letter to McDonald on August 1st he stated that he had already received several powers of attorney and that as soon as he and Mr. Smith felt their hands "sufficiently strengthened" they would "open communications with the Board." "I have no doubt" he added "they will see the urgency of the case and will be willing to meet us in a friendly spirit and adopt the measures best adapted for the general good of the Concern, the *first* point however being to satisfy their working Partners by *securing* to the Officers in this country a money consideration for their services in addition to their 'Rations'."

W. J. (later known as "Big Bear") McLean wrote from Fort Qu'Appelle in a similar vein expressing his regrets that the project "was not set on foot two years ago" and pointing out that the "welfare of my young rising family" required that he should "make some provision for affording them at least a fair education" and that it was impossible for him to continue to rely "on mere chance for the obtaining of such means as will enable me to do so." McLean fully approved McTavish's suggestion that an annual sum of £200 per share be paid to the partners, not as a salary but as the minimum "that we must be allowed annually."

Not all the winterers supported the demands being put forward. Laurence Clarke had held aloof from the project at Carlton. As early as July 25th Alex Matheson complained testily that Clarke's objections were "the essence of absurdity"; and George McTavish suspected both Clarke and James Ogden Grahame of "treachery"—the latter, apparently, without any justification. As far as Clarke was concerned, he definitely did not sympathize with the activities of the McTavishes. Early in July he wrote to Roderick MacFarlane expressing his own and Richard Hardisty's opposition to the proposed power of attorney for Smith and McTavish and suggesting that "a firm but respectful letter through the Chief Commissioner to the Board at home" would be "the most honest & proper steps to be adopted." "I for one decline to commit myself to any other line of action," he wrote, "some of the names that Mr. McTavish uses I know that he does in his own responsibility, and until I see in black and white, that those Gentlemen have given in their adhesion to Mr. McTavish's propositions I am prepared to doubt that they will go to extreme measures." ◆

The next and last instalment will describe the formation and fate of the Fur Trade Party.

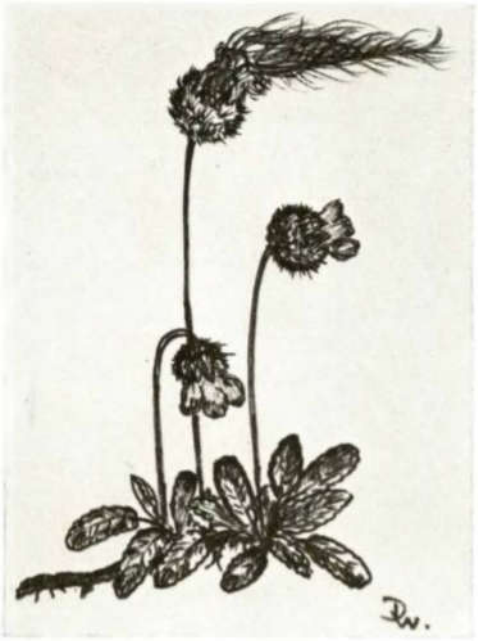
Inspecting Chief Factor George S. McTavish, who ably supported his brother John, with his wife.

*In a private letter to Jas. McDougall, n.d., McTavish said that he, Hargrave and Christie "will go in for either Mr. Smith alone or in conjunction with any Officer in the service that you may appoint at Carlton. The powers of attorney are suited for one or two persons."

Northern Wildflowers

by Dy. Woolgar

Some of the flowering plants which live their brief lives in the long days of a northern summer. These are two-thirds the size of the original sketches, which were drawn to full size.



DRUMMOND'S DRYAS

Dryas Drummondii

Flower pale yellow, the sepals covered with short black fluffy hair. When bloom is over, flower turns into silvery, long-haired silk-like tassels. The leaves are dark and the plants cover the rocky slopes almost like a carpet.
Period of bloom: End of June to July.

RICHARDSON'S ANEMONE

Anemone Richardsonii

Flower bright yellow, like a buttercup, found growing in willow thickets, on grassy, damp lake shores in the Barren Lands, Courageous Lake area.
Period of bloom: July.

COTTON GRASS

Eriophorum angustifolium

Grass-like plants growing in wet tundra close to lakes and ponds. Soon after flowering, a tuft of long silky, white bristles or "cotton" develops from the end of each seed. The Eskimo use this "cotton" as wicks for their seal oil lamps.
Period of bloom: June to August.

MEALY PRIMROSE

Primula incana

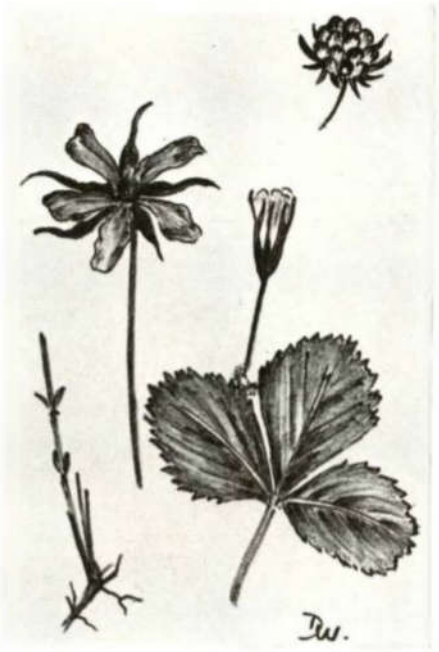
The flower is mauve with a yellow centre, almost star-like. The leaves are a delicate green and the underside almost white. Stems and sepals are covered with a mealy white substance. Plants are found growing in crevices, close to the water's edge on some of the islands in Great Slave Lake near Yellowknife.
Period of bloom: End of June to July.

Mrs. J. R. Woolgar lives in Yellowknife, and accompanies her mining engineer husband on his field trips.

NORTHERN ANEMONE

Anemone parviflora

The flower is white, with a slight purple or bluish tinge. It is found growing on rocky slopes, in crevices and wherever some soil has accumulated.
Period of bloom: End of June to July.



ARCTIC RASPBERRY

Rubus acaulis

Flower deep to light purple, very fragrant. A creeper, the leaves cover the ground like a carpet. Found growing in sandy moist places, preferably in willow thickets along the lake shore. The berry is bright red, has the same flavour as the raspberry.
Period of bloom: Middle of June to July.

CALYPSO

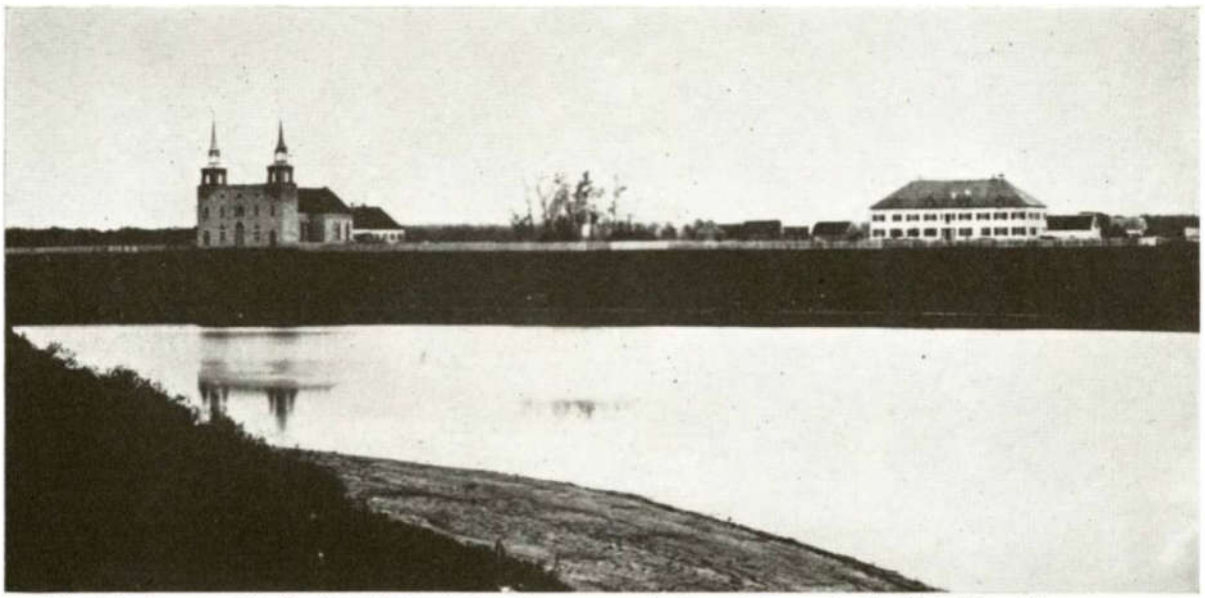
Calypso bulbosa

Flower is pale purple with dark purple spots on the pouch or lip; very fragrant. Quite rare in the Territories. Found in moist shady places in the more wooded areas of the country.
Period of bloom: July.

LARGE-FLOWERED WINTERGREEN

Pyrola grandiflora

Flower is light pink, very much like an apple blossom, and fragrant. Grows in muskeg in shady places. Very common in the Yellowknife area.



The twin towers of St. Boniface Cathedral as they appeared when photographed by H. L. Hime 95 years ago. Two years later they were destroyed by fire. *Public Archives of Canada*

The Bells of the Turrets Twain

by Harry Shave

These bells of St. Boniface, immortalized by the poet Whittier, were heard across Canada on the occasion of the present Queen's coronation.

A CENTURY has passed since the poet Whittier penned the lines of the now familiar poem "The Red River Voyageur" by which he immortalized himself in the eyes of Western Canadians. The poem has been reprinted in whole or in part periodically throughout the intervening years in western newspapers, pamphlets and magazines; and over sixty years ago it was published, with flowery illustrations typical of the period, by the Hudson's Bay Company, as a greeting for Christmas and New Year's 1892-3. This booklet is now a collector's item of considerable value. The poem has also been used in Manitoba school text books periodically, if not continuously, for at least fifty-five years, and as recently as the term ending in June 1950.

The voyageur was a romantic character in western history, a descendant of the *coureur de bois*, a similarly picturesque individual of an earlier period.

There were voyageurs of French, English or Scotch paternity, and Chippewa, Cree or Sioux maternity, but the largest and most representative class was the French half-breed. His language was Norman French, intermingled with Indian and English words and phrases. In the winter he lived with his family in a log house in a small community near a trading post, and in summer, when not on a freighting trip, the wigwam on the banks of a stream was his place of abode. His agricultural proclivities were feeble and largely unproductive. He usually had an Indian pony and Red River cart: and probably a cow which succumbed to an improvident owner before the winter was far spent. Dogs increased in numbers in proportion to the state of destitution of their master.

When not engaged as a voyageur, the Half-breed occupied his time in fishing, hunting and in social visits to his neighbours. Dancing, drinking, and singing his habitant songs occupied the time until spring came and his long and arduous journeys commenced again. His religion was largely Roman Catholic. He was intensely loyal to his priest and in his volatile way obeyed the traditions of his church. It is but natural, therefore, that the voyageur's heart leaped and his song and his paddle took on renewed life as his canoe or York boat approached St. Boniface on the Red River, and he heard "the vesper ringing of the bells."

It is a singular fact that John Greenleaf Whittier, who was born in Haverhill, Mass., on December 17, 1807, and had lived almost his entire lifetime in that state, had never visited Western Canada. Born and reared in Quaker surroundings, he received but little formal education. His first poem was published in 1826 and from that time forward his fame grew. His firmly established career as a poet often over-shadowed his renown as an editor and reformer.

Harry Shave is archivist of St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg. He was the author of "Centenary of a Diocese" in the September 1949 "Beaver."

His inspiration for "The Red River Voyageur" emanated from the publication in a Philadelphia newspaper of the diary of J. Wesley Bond, who had visited Red River in the year 1851. Mr. Bond had travelled from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Red River Colony (now Winnipeg), in the company of Rev. John Black, the first Presbyterian minister ever to reach the Red River Settlement. They were part of a convoy of twenty-five dragoons with a military officer from Fort Snelling, who were escorting Governor Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota and his staff to Pembina, near the Canadian border, to make a treaty with the Chippewa Indians. Also in the party were six two-horse wagons and a number of Red River carts, with eight French-Canadian and half-breed drivers.

A few quotations from Mr. Bond's diary will provide some idea of the source from which Whittier derived his information for the poem:

August 23rd [1851]. "We today rode over the rolling prairie, full of strips of marsh, when after a march of ten miles, we came to an almost impassable swamp. We crossed with some difficulty by pulling the carts and horses across by ropes."

August 24th [Sunday]. "Today our French-Canadians and half-breeds, who have charge of the provision and baggage carts, have been shooting pigeons and ducks, and also making new cart axles. The day has not seemed much like Sunday."

August 27th. "We are today passing the dividing ridge between the head waters of the Red, Minnesota and Mississippi rivers."

August 31st. "Our hunters discovered two buffalo bulls about two miles ahead. They immediately equipped and started, and soon surrounded and killed both. We soon joined them and encamped. The buffaloes were skinned, the choice parts cut out, and the liver and kidney fried for our dinner. These were our first buffaloes and there was much excitement over them."

September 4th. "The prairie is so bare that no wood is to be had. Having no wood we were obliged to boil our kettle, and the French boys their pork and buffalo, over a fire made of buffalo chips i.e. of dried buffalo manure picked up on the prairie. Only a few mosquitoes troubled us, and they were driven to leeward by the strong smoke and smell of the buffalo chips."

old cathedral of St Boniface burnd in 160
JEK
THE VOYAGEUR SMILES AS HE LISTENS
TO THE SOUND THAT GROWS APACE,
WELL HE KNOWS THE VESPER RINGING
OF THE BELLS OF SAINT BONIFACE.
THE BELLS OF THE ROMAN MISSION
THAT CALL FROM THEIR TURRETS TWAIN
TO THE BOATMAN ON THE RIVER
TO THE HUNTER ON THE PLAIN.

A page from the booklet "The Red River Voyageur" published by the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg in 1892, the year of the poet's death. The second verse shown here is the most celebrated in the West, though "Familiar Quotations" chooses the last one in the poem.

September 7th. "It is three weeks since we left St. Paul."

September 11th. "Arrived at Pembina. The houses were full of half breeds, who saluted us with the discharge of guns, etc. Two of the staff rode on ahead, and were treated to milk and potatoes—a treat equal to that of milk and honey received by the Israelites of old. Near the village, on the muddy banks of Red River, stood an admiring group of several hundred whites, half breeds, and Indians of all sizes, with any quantity of dogs, very large and wolfish. The journey to Pembina has been accomplished, including the two rest days in twenty-five days in all."

On August 17th Mr. Bond and Rev. John Black said farewell to Governor Ramsey and his party and started out in a birchbark canoe for the Selkirk settlement (now Winnipeg and district); a distance of sixty miles as the crow flies, but more than 100 miles by the winding river. The canoe was fifteen feet long and three feet wide, managed by two French half breed voyageurs. The two passengers, together with their bedding, baggage and provisions for the journey completed the load. The trip, though tedious, was not without interest. Large flocks of ducks and geese, pausing in their flight southward, were swimming on the river, so tame that some of them could almost be reached with a canoe paddle. Travelling with the current of the river the voyageurs covered a distance of some forty miles the first day from Pembina.

One more day and a night of camping before the travellers started on the last lap of their journey. The paddlers were now bucking a strong head wind and their progress was slow. The passengers relieved the monotony by landing on the right bank of the river, and by walking along it and cutting off the bends, kept ahead of the canoe. As they approached their destination there was the sound of bells, and soon they could see St. Boniface Cathedral with its twin spires, whence the sound came. In his diary Mr. Bond described the scene. "Opposite [Fort Garry] is the Catholic Cathedral, built of stone in 1832, and still unfinished. The bare, rough, unplastered wall, in front, is cracked and shattered, and is surmounted by two steeples; one is finished and containing a chime of bells, the bare timbers of the other tower aloft, dark with age and nakedness.

"I visited the interior this afternoon and found a very spacious nave, which was being remodelled, as also the galleries; and men were at work on scaffolding, painting the arched ceiling a deep mazarine blue and ornamenting it with wreaths and festoons of flowers; the work so far as completed, being done in a very artist like manner."

Construction of the "Roman Mission"—St. Boniface Cathedral,—actually commenced in the year 1829. By 1837 it was largely completed, but the spires were not finished until 1846.

In Mrs. M. A. MacLeod's *Bells of Red River* we are informed that the "bells of the Roman Mission" were cast by Mears of Whitechapel, England, in the year 1840, that they weighed a total of 1600 pounds and were brought to St. Boniface by way of ship through Hudson Bay, then by York boat along rivers, and over portages for 700 miles until they reached their ultimate destination.

It was a sad misfortune that befell "the turrets twain" and St. Boniface Cathedral on December 14, 1860. A nun and an assistant were in the kitchen of the bishop's palace, making candles, when the dish that contained the liquid tallow was upset on the stove. In a short time the whole building was in flames, which spread to the adjoining Cathedral. The towers were demolished and the three bells were broken and became almost a shapeless mass. At the time of the fire, Bishop Taché was away visiting mission stations in the north. After his return he proceeded to Quebec to obtain help, and then to England. While in England he arranged for the recasting of the bells. This work was completed in 1862.

The bells were to be shipped via Hudson Bay, but owing to a storm at sea, the ship had put in at St. John's, Newfoundland, and from there sailed to Portland, Maine. When Bishop Taché was notified that they had arrived at St. Paul, Minn., he immediately made enquiries as to the cost of transporting them by oxcart to Red River. But he found that the expense would be so great that it would be less costly to send them all the way back to England, and have them re-shipped to St. Boniface via Hudson Bay! After crossing the Atlantic Ocean five times they finally reached York Factory in 1864. Here Thos. Sinclair took charge of them and with his brigade of York boats conveyed them the last seven hundred miles of the journey to Red River.

Mrs. MacLeod tells us that on December 17, 1891, when Whittier was eighty-four years of age, "Governor Schultz and Bishop Taché thought that it would be a suitable honor, for the bells that Whittier had made immortal, to mark his anniversary with a joy-peal from their tower. His Grace waived the usage that the bells should cease their chimes after the Angelus, and at midnight they pealed forth to usher in the poet's natal day."

Mr. Whittier was informed of the incident by U.S. Consul J. W. Taylor and sent the following letter of appreciation to Bishop Taché.

"Newburyport, Mass.,
3 mo. 5, 1892.

"To Archbishop Tache:

"My dear Friend,—During my illness from the prevailing epidemic which confined me nearly the whole winter, and from which I am very slowly recovering, a letter from the U.S. Consul at Winnipeg informed me of the pleasant recognition of my little poem, 'The Red River Voyageur,' (written nearly forty years ago) by the ringing of 'The Bells of St. Boniface' on the eve of my late anniversary.

"I was at the time quite unable to respond, but I feel that I should be wanting in due appreciation of such a marked compliment if I did not even at this late hour, express to thee my heart-felt thanks.

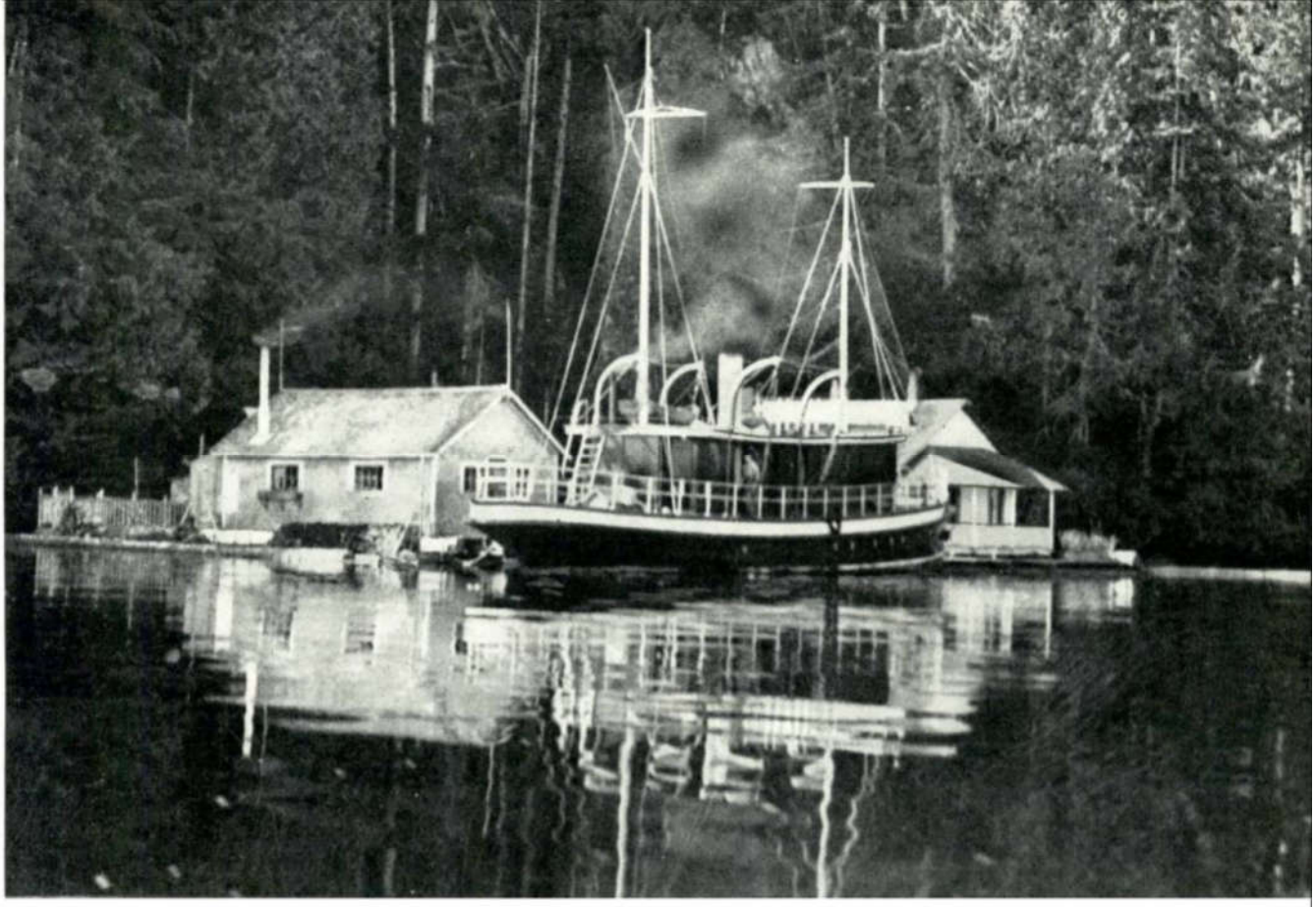
"I have reached an age when literary success and manifestations of popular favor have ceased to satisfy one upon whom the solemnity of life's sunset is resting, but such a delicate and beautiful tribute has deeply moved me.

"I shall never forget it. I shall hear the bells of St. Boniface sounding across the continent and awakening a feeling of gratitude for thy generous act.

"With renewed thanks and the prayer that our Heavenly Father may continue to make thee largely instrumental in His service, I am, gratefully and respectfully thy friend.

"John G. Whittier."

The peal of the bells goes on, but their clear tones which so attracted "the boatman on the river and the hunter on the plain" in the early days, are now muffled by the noises of traffic, the whistles of factories, and the hustle and bustle of a modern city. ◆



The "Columbia" tied up to a floating camp.

CALLING THE "COLUMBIA"

by Gilean Douglas

A floating hospital-chapel-theatre responds to the needs of people who live along British Columbia's rugged coast.

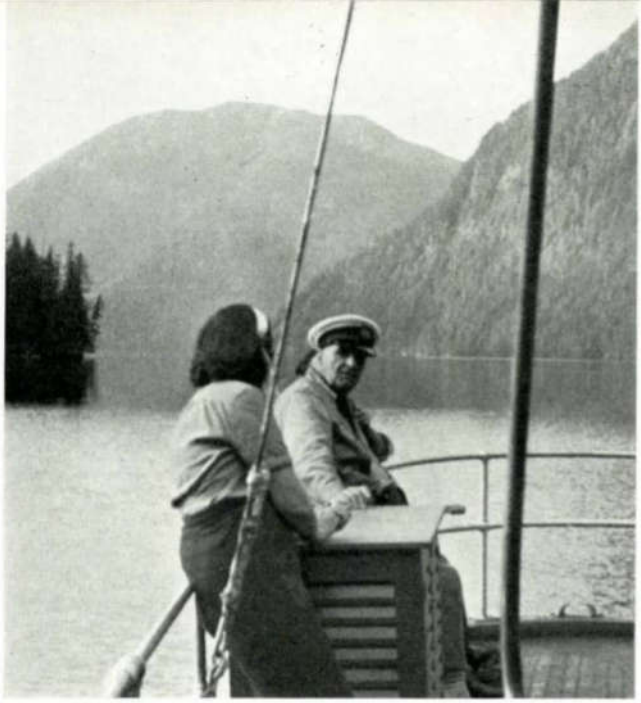
IN British Columbia real estate offices today they'll tell you that more and more people are moving upcoast. They are heading north for logging and fishing, for mining on Texada Island or near Campbell River, for work on the power projects and aluminum mills of Kitimat and Kemano. There are families who want to farm a bit and bring up their children away from the city. There are writers and artists who crave quiet and solitude; retired oldsters who must make a little go a long way.

If they settle near such thriving places as Pender Harbour, Campbell River or Alert Bay they don't need to worry about finding a church and a hospital. If they go above Alert Bay, which is 200 miles north of Victoria, or decide to live in a small community farther south, they don't have to worry either. They'll have the *Columbia*.

The *Columbia* is a 100-foot Diesel hospital ship operated by the Columbia Coast Mission of the Church of England in Canada, for the benefit of all coast dwellers between Stuart Island and Cape Scott at the north tip of Vancouver Island. Her crew consists of Captain George MacDonald, Chaplain Canon Heber Greene, Engineer Bob McCrea, a physician, Dr. Hector MacKenzie, and a cook. She serves 225 small communities with nearly 5000 residents, and last year, out of a total of 15,000 miles, she logged 1500 miles in emergencies alone. She made 1500 calls—mostly on loggers and their families—and church services were held in her chapel. Weddings, christenings, confirmations and funeral services take place there too. Magazines and books are given out to the children and adults who come aboard at every stop, and by turns the main cabin is a reading room, an office (Captain MacDonald is a notary public) and a movie theatre.

Above it and off the main deck is the two-bed hospital equipped with examination table, dental chair, drugs and surgical instruments. Dr. W. J. MacTavish was in charge of it when I was aboard: a lean, grey man who looked as though a puff of wind might blow him overboard. But he had many stern prairie winters behind him and instead of retirement had chosen this form of pioneering.

Gilean Douglas is a free-lance writer who lives at Whaletown, on the B.C. coast.



Capt. George MacDonald, master of the "Columbia," talks to a visitor.

"You sometimes hear a lot of yelling in this hospital," he chuckled, "especially when we have babies on board. One time a big, brave man with a toothache started hollering as soon as he saw me—not that I blamed him much. We took another man with a badly dislocated shoulder down to Alert Bay in a storm for x-rays. But by the time we got there the rolling and pitching had jumped the bone back into place."

Calling the *Columbia* is easy. At a certain time each day Captain MacDonald dials the ship's band and listens in on her radio-phone. The air crackles with conversation between fishing scows, logging outfits and coastal vessels. Then "Calling the *Columbia*, calling the *Columbia!* A faller at Oskar Jonson's camp in Seymour Inlet has had a stroke. Urgent!"

Perhaps the hospital ship is at the head of Knight Inlet, some 270 miles northwest of Victoria, when that call comes in. She turns back at once, runs some 80 miles through inlet waters and among coastal islands into Queen Charlotte Strait and then beats up the coast in any kind of weather to Seymour. The famous Nakwakto Rapids guard the entrance to this big inlet. Here the salt chuck runs shallow and pinched between rocky shores to form one of the world's fastest navigable bodies of water.

Dr. W. J. MacTavish ponders a medical problem in the ship's surgery.

In Seymour the *Columbia* sails at her top speed of 12 knots, through some of the most beautiful scenery in Canada, to Oskar Jonson's up-to-date logging camp. As the patient can be moved he is put on a stretcher and carried on board the hospital ship. The doctor works over him as the ship turns again, to sail another hundred miles down to Alert Bay on Cormorant Island where the nearest land hospital is located. This is the only general hospital between Campbell River 100 miles south and Prince Rupert 294 miles north. When she arrives there the *Columbia* has covered roughly—sometimes it is very roughly—320 miles on this one emergency alone.

"Only George MacDonald would tackle some of the weather and tides up here," declared Vic Eckstein of Allison Harbour at the mouth of Seymour. Big, beetle-browed Captain MacDonald has been master of the *Columbia* for 16 years, and dry-witted Bob McCrea has been dallying with her motors for just four years less. During the winter they often have to fight snow and ice all day every day on the six-week periods of patrol which are followed by five days of rest.

"Oh, this is calm," said Captain MacDonald airily as spray slashed across the deck in front of the wheelhouse and the typewriter jumped from the chart desk into my lap. "You'll see here in the log where we had to pull out of Fort Rupert, on the east coast of Vancouver Island, because of wind and sleet. Ran into Port Hardy and a gale followed us. Heaven help the landsman on a night like that! Called at Pine Island lighthouse in Queen Charlotte Sound, but it was too rough for anyone to go ashore or come out to the ship. We took on a broken leg case at Blind River after that, over icy logs with the temperature at zero. Had to keep another patient and her husband on board all night on account of the snow. Up in Seymour we broke through 5 inches of ice to get to the Dumaresq camp. Our gumwood sheathing certainly comes in handy at times like that. When we got an emergency call from Port Neville there was another gale blowing and you couldn't see the ship's bow for the blizzard. I took echo soundings from the shore and we got there. The sea's the safest place in a blow."

At the Rancheree Indian village the doctor tied up the wounds of a brave who had enjoyed too much firewater and fighting. Then came a heart attack SOS from Mitchell Bay, a turnback from the government radio station at Bull Harbour to Vancouver Island and a logger with shredded arm and shoulder. A couple of sick children at Cutter Creek, a hail from a tugboat with a broken ankle case on board. There were broken bones at Henderson's logging camp too, but it had moved and by 3 a.m. Captain MacDonald hadn't found it. When he did catch up with it

After a multiple christening at Kingcome Indian village. Canon Alan Greene is at top right.

Seymour Inlet was coming in on a Queen Charlotte Airlines broadcast to ask if anyone had seen the *Columbia*. While a seiner was answering another voice broke in: "Sullivan Bay calling the *Columbia* on 1650. Emergency!"

A number of people are on contract with the *Columbia* of one dollar a month for medical services, and they contribute to the movie shows put on by her crew. The hospital ship receives aid from the Province of British Columbia and $1500 a year from the Department of Indian Affairs. The Community Chest of Greater Vancouver takes up the annual slack—$13,000 last year—between expenses and the wherewithal to meet them.

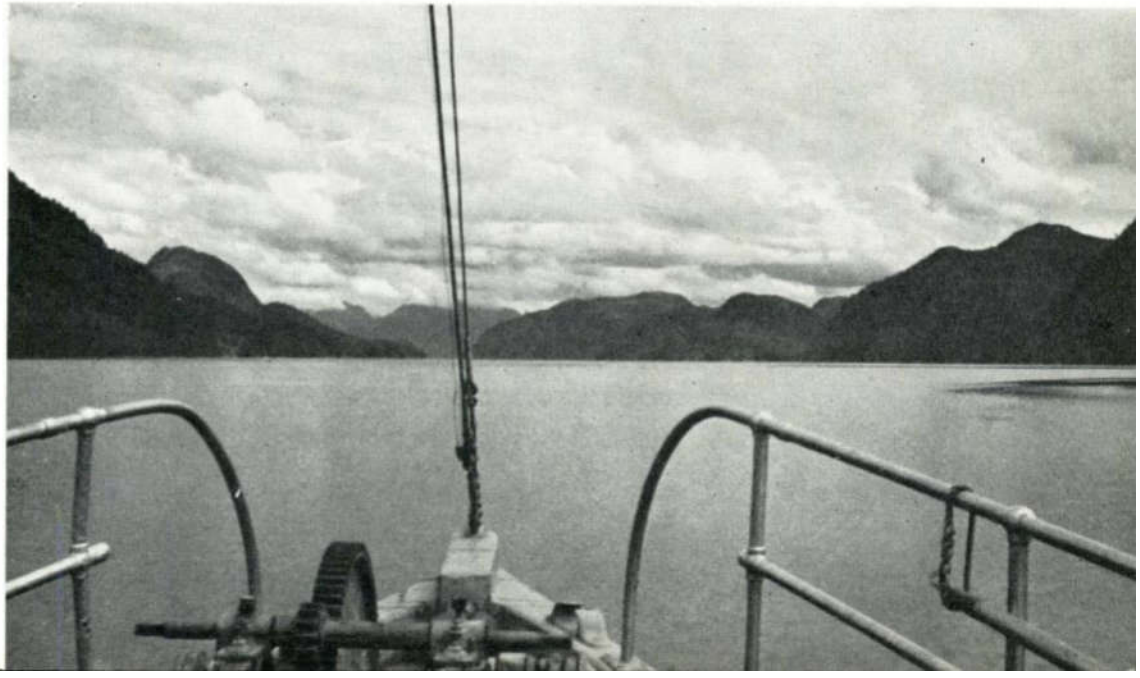
Some people think that the *Columbia* will soon have to give way to hospital planes. But coastal fog and blizzard have proved many times that a ship can make landfall where a plane cannot. If you come down with acute appendicitis and every moment counts, it doesn't help much to know that a plane would certainly fly you out if it weren't grounded by weather.

Knowing this, the Columbia Coast Mission is putting on a drive for $60,000 to buy a new hospital ship. The present 48-year-old vessel has too much past and too little future. The new ship will be the *Columbia III:* the first boat of that name having been launched by the Rev. John Antle in 1905, the same year he launched the mission itself.

So it will still be "Calling the *Columbia*." It's a slogan on the B.C. coast anywhere south of Queen Charlotte Sound's green combers. You can signal her in with a flashlight, a bed sheet with the lower left corner turned up, a tablecloth with SOS scrawled on it in lipstick red, a red shirt on a fishing pole. You can call her on the nearest telephone or speak her on a sending set. Then watch for her to anchor in your cove, tie up at your float. She'll be there. She runs by faith as well as by diesel.

"When I was ill up at Thompson Sound and the *Columbia* came in at midnight," said a Minstrel Island woman, "I tell you her whistle was the loveliest sound I've ever heard." ◆

The "Columbia" heads up Seymour Inlet.



FALL PACKET

Pelican

A news item we just missed for the June issue was the burial at sea of the famous old *Pelican*, a former British warship which served the Eastern Arctic posts as a supply vessel for twenty years. A square rigged steamer, she was launched in 1877, the seventh of that name in the British Navy (the first being Drake's historic vessel, renamed *Golden Hind*). She served in the Pacific until 1888, and in the Atlantic until 1898.

Three years later she was sold to the HBC. She established the first Arctic post at C. Wolstenholme in 1909, as well as those at Chesterfield Inlet and Lake Harbour. During World War I she was one of the large fleet of Company ships which carried war material for France, and in 1918 she engaged a German submarine for an hour and a half in a gun duel. Two years later, she was so badly damaged by ice that she was sent to St. Johns for dismantling. While being towed to Sydney, N.S., for breaking up in 1922 she ran aground on the notorious Sable Island, but was salvaged and continued her voyage to the Cape Breton port where she was berthed.

One night some young pranksters opened her sea-cocks and sank her. There she lay, a nuisance to shipping, until last May, when she was raised, towed out to sea, and sunk in deep water with full honours, as befitted a ship of her distinguished service and lineage.

Sitting Bull

Sitting Bull, the famous mid-western Indian chief, has again been in the news of late—or rather, his remains have. Apparently both North and South Dakota have been claiming his bones, and with so much enthusiasm that the ignorant bystander might justly conclude he was a fine, upstanding citizen of exemplary habits. In many ways he was—but Americans of three generations ago would hardly have classed him as such.

What is it that gives Sitting Bull his posthumous appeal? Surely he is one of the most celebrated Red Indians in history. The *Handbook of American Indians*, published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1910, which generally dismisses a subject in a paragraph or two, gives him two columns including a portrait. Possibly there is something in his name which makes him memorable. And yet it was quite a common one among the Plains tribes. Personally we find his original name much more attractive—Jumping Badger. The picture it conjures up is a far more diverting one than that presented by a stolid buffalo bull in a sedentary attitude.

His connection with the Custer fight and his subsequent flight into Canada have certainly helped to make him famous, and had he lived in a later era his defiance of the Federal Government would certainly have made headlines in the tabloids. But what brought him into prominence, according to the *Handbook*, was his "success as an organizer and his later reputation as a sacred dreamer."

Yet whatever may be the reason for his fame, it is surely due in part to the ubiquity of Sitting Bull relics, in large and small museums throughout North America. We have visited quite a few of these in the past fifteen years, and the number of history museums we have seen who do *not* boast one or more "Sitting Bull" relics could be counted on one's fingers. In fact, we have long toyed with the idea of circularizing all history museums in the U.S. and Canada, asking them to list their Sitting Bull holdings. And we have not the least doubt that, when they were all added up, it would be discovered that the old chief must have required a train of at least a hundred horses to transport such a plethora of worldly goods.

Totem Pole Carver

Mungo Martin, the Kwakiutl Indian carver whose fine work at the University of British Columbia was described in the March *Beaver* last year, is now working on a three-year totem-pole restoration program at Thunderbird Park in Victoria. A large workshop was built in the park last year, and here Martin and his son David hack away with their simple tools at the big cedar logs, to the admiration of the bystanders. (In two days last summer, 2,375 people watched them work.)

The poles they carve will replace the badly decaying ones in the park, which will be preserved indoors as the irreplaceable originals. Some of the new poles will be copies of the old ones, others will be original works of art, in the creation of which this humble, bespectacled old Indian takes second place to no one of this day and age. Indeed, to quote the report of the B.C. Provincial Museum which is sponsoring this admirable project, "Mungo Martin is almost without doubt the finest totem-carver remaining." He is now 71, and considering his activities cannot continue for many more years, it is encouraging to know that his son is carrying on the exacting traditions of this magnificent aboriginal art.

Mistassinny Mother

Edward S. Rogers

NORTHERN BOOKS

CANOE TRIP CAMPING, by Ronald H. Perry. J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., Toronto, 1953. 132 pages.

CANOE CAMPING, by Carle W. Handel. Copp Clark Co., Toronto. A. B. Barnes & Co., New York, 1953. 185 pages.

Reviewed by J. W. Anderson

DOWN through the years of Canadian history, Hudson's Bay men have done a prodigious amount of canoe camping. Strangely however, little has come down to us, in book form, dealing exclusively with the subject of canoeing and camping. Nevertheless each trading post had its food and equipment lists, fully detailed, for outfitting canoe trips in its own locality. For canoeing in those days was an essential transport, involving no less than the serious business of conveying the necessities of life by paddle and portage, sometimes over half a continent.

Today, canoeing and camping is given over largely to pleasure and relaxation. And for the city man, anxious to participate in this delightful form of recreation, and desirous to know more about it, here are two delightful books. *Canoe Trip Camping* is shorter and more concise; perhaps more readily useful for quick reference. This book, however, has a companion book, *The Canoe and You* so that, on balance, *Canoe Camping* is the more concise of the two. But the enthusiast will find both books extremely interesting, and *Canoe Camping*, being interspersed with delightful anecdotes, can be read almost like a nature story book.

Both books are written by experienced woodsmen and both give a wealth of detailed information on all aspects of canoeing and camping under chapter heads too numerous to mention here. Many ideas have been taken from the Indian, the first canoeist on the continent. No mention is made however, of the Indian "sleeve" tent, so popular in some areas, though this omission is as nothing when so many other types of tents and shelters are discussed. The variety of foods carried and the tempting menus so generously outlined in both books are a far cry from the salt pork and bannock days of the fur brigades. And rightly so, for, as both authors stress, with good guides or leaders, plus good organization, canoe camping should be a delightful and pleasurable recreation, This is brought out on page 27 of *Canoe Camping* when the author says, "You came on the trip to relax, to become a vagabond, to live with nature, to meet what comes with the philosophical mind that builds for woods wisdom."

As with all books on camping and outdoor life generally, "an ounce of experience is worth a pound of text book," and this fact is freely acknowledged on page 30 of *Canoe Trip Camping*. But for the beginner, both books are invaluable, and for the experienced canoe camper, the various food and equipment lists will prove far more useful than his memory, besides being a priceless safeguard against overlooking essential items of camp comfort.

HAIDA MYTHS, Illustrated in Argillite Carvings, by Marius Barbeau. National Museum of Canada, 1953. 417 pages.

Reviewed by Clifford Wilson

FOR about 130 years white men have been buying from the B.C. coast Indians (and from each other) the intricate, finely finished carvings in black slate, or argillite, done by the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands. This tribe has always had a monopoly on argillite, because it is only found in their territory. And artistically, they have made the most of it. The carvings were made partly for their own amusement and satisfaction, but chiefly to sell to white men.

Most pieces now in the hands of collectors, public and private, consist of miniature totem poles; but these, the author says, did not appear until about 1870. "The impact of the argillite trade on native inspiration," he continues, "must have been considerable. For the constant need of fresh materials to interpret in plastic form seems to have brought back to light a hoard of ancient tales which otherwise would have withered away through the growing affluence of the white man." In this way argillite sculpture became "a repository of myths and tales," and it is this aspect, rather than its artistic qualities, with which this book deals.

It is true that some people regard the "totem pole" style of carving as untutored and grotesque, if not downright ugly; but those familiar with the finest examples of this highly conventional art find it fascinating and beautiful. What exquisite carving and striking originality of design is shown, for instance, in the panel from the British Museum illustrated in plate 32 of the book. This piece goes back to the 1820's or 1830's, and is among the oldest examples of such carving known. But it is interesting to read in the Introduction that a pipe-head in the Hudson's Bay Company museum at Winnipeg is perhaps the oldest of all.

In this 417-page book there are 328 illustrations. But they are not restricted to stone carvings. Some are of wood, or ivory, or bone, or painted on cloth, and all of them help to illustrate the various legends which are told in the text. One of the wooden pieces shown is exhibited in the H B C museum, and four of the argillite carvings. But one of the latter, unfortunately (No. 57) is described as belonging to the Field (Chicago) Museum of Natural History and to have been collected by Schwatka presumably in 1883. This information, perhaps, applies to another piece, that may not be illustrated.

Enthusiasts will be glad to know that this is only the first of three volumes by Dr. Barbeau on the subject, the titles of the others being *Haida Carvers in Argillite and their Art*, and *Haida Scrimshanders*.

Cormorant coming out of the surf, James Bay *Lorene Squire*

With Byrd to the Antarctic . . .
Hudson's Bay
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for a lifetime of
luxurious comfort
and warmth.
With climbing expeditions to Everest . . .